# THE AMOURS OF THE COUNT DE DUNOIS MADE ENGLISH.

——— *In Amore tuentur*
*Dilicia humani generis.*

*London, Printed for* William Cademan, *at the* Popes Head *in the* New Exchange *in the* Strand, 1675.

BRITISH MUSEUM

# TO THE READER.

*FOR an Author to Court the Reader by an Epiſtle into a good opinion of his book is as ancient as cuſtomary, and therefore like a man that is call'd to a confeſſion of his faith, I here give you an account of the Expoſing this ſmall Treatiſe to the publick.*

*Meet-*

*Meeting it by accident, and in the reading finding it ingenious, pleaſant, and new; I took upon me the Tranſlating of it how well I have acquitted my ſelf I leave to the judicious Reader, and now as you ſhall find it, it is much at your ſervice; if it were better done, I ſhould be more ſatisfied, and then ſhould not in the leaſt queſtion, but it would be more gratefully received by you: but however it has pleaſed me, and I hope will not meet with your diſ-*

*rel-*

*relish; if it does, as I cannot help it, so neither will I be such a Fool as to concern my self at it.*

*I hose who know the Author are too well assured of his ingenuity to doubt any thing of the address of this Novel, he is indowed with so great a soul that it is impossible for him to write in a mean low stile, and his fancy in all he does has the highest flights and turns in them imaginable; therefore if you can content your selves with*

*that*

*that dreſs I have cloath'd his thoughts in, I am confident you will not but very well approve of the deſign he has taken in this Amour. But ſtill I have my ends in it, my own pleaſure; and the Stationer if he can put it off, his own profit; and you when you have paid your money for it, may either give it room in your Studies, or elſe commit it to the flames, as it ſhall like you beſt,* Farewel.

# Books *Printed for* VVilliam Cademan, *at the* Popes-Head *in the* New-Exchange *in the* Strand.

CLarks Examples; in two Vol. *Fol.*

Sandies Travels, *Fol.*

The Proteſtants Religion is a ſure foundation and written by Charls Earl of *Darby* Lord of *Man* and the Iles. *Quar.*

Fair warning in two Viſitation Sermons written by *Seth Buſhel*, D. D.

The great efficacy of the Clergy a Viſitation Sermon by *T. Duncomb*. D D.

Liquor *Alchabeſt* or a diſcourſe of the immortal Diſſolvent of *Paracelſus* and Helmont, &c. *Octa.*

Sinners

Sinners Tears, *Twelv.*
Devout Communicant, *Twelv.*
Sherleys Phyloſophical Eſſay, *Octa.*
Guliel. Farrarii de bello Batavico, *Octa.*
Court Songs. *Octa.*
Collections of Poems, *Octa.*
Weſtminſter Quibbles, *Octa.*
Hogan Moganides, or the Dutch Hudebraſs. *Octa.*

---

## PLAYS.

Rivals: *A Comedy.*
Catiline: *A Tragedy.*
Island Princeſs.
Flora's Vagaries.
Town Shifts.
Citizen Turn'd Gentleman.
Morning Ramble.
Fatal Jealouſy.
Mackbeth.
Cambyſes.

Empreſs

Empreſs of Morocco.
Herod and Mariamne.
Careleſs Lovers.
Engliſh *Princeſs.*
Reformation.
Spaniſh Rogue.
Marcellia *T. C.*
The Mall or the Modeſh Lover.
Notes on Morocco.
Love and Revenge.
Rehearſal.
Mock Tempeſt.
Dumb Lady.
Gentleman Dancing Maſter.
Alcibiades.
Dutch Loves.

*Playes in the Preſs.*

The Conqueſt of *China* by the *Tartars.*
*Pyſo's Conſpiracy.*

THE

# THE AMOURS OF THE Count *de* DUNOIS.

AFter the Conqueſt of *Italy*, *Charles* the Eighth returning into his Kingdom, met with the Queen at *Amboiſe*, and the Duke and Dutcheſs of *Alenſon*, with their Daughter *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*, whoſe Wit and Beauty were extreamly improved ſince the King his departure: The Queen gave a thouſand praiſes to the Conquerours, and eſpecially to the Count *de Dunois*, to whom *France* ows its ſafety, in diſtinguiſhing him as much from the others, as he ſurpaſſed them in all the Qualities that might procure him the eſteem of the whole world in general, and particularly of that Great Queen. Though the Prince received the Elogies ſhe gave him with a very great Modeſty, yet they did pleaſantly flatter his

Glory, and heighten in his Perſon that Noble and generous Meen, which accompanied all his Actions; but it was not only that Glory which made him ſenſible, he began to perceive in his Breaſt certain ſentiments of inquietude, which in a ſhort time after he knew to be the beginnings of a ſtrong and mighty Paſſion; and though he had not always been under an indifferency, yet he was well aſſured that the inclinations he had had till then, were but the ſlight amuſements of an idle and an unactive Youth. Madam *de Cominge*, who was one of the faireſt Ladies about the Court, would fain have appear'd to him unſupportable with all her Charms; but notwithſtanding the deſigns ſhe had to pleaſe him, it was only *Madem iſelle d' Alenſon* that ſeem'd to him worthy of all his Addreſſes and Submiſſions.

The Application with which he gave them her, was quickly diſcovered by the Mareſchal *de Gié*, who was the firſt perſon that took notice of it, and this knowledge gave him the moſt villanous affliction in the world: He did whatſoever he could to confirm himſelf in this Opinion, although he had no deſires to have the Confirmation made out; and 'tis certain, he did not know that he was become a Lover of *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*, but by

by the jealouſie which he had of the Count *de Dunois*: This Mareſchal was well advanced in years, and the long practiſe of War had made him very politick and ſubtil in his actions, much contrary to the preſent Mode of Gallantry; he was become a ſevere Moraliſt, who had always kept himſelf far enough from any thing of that nature: But at laſt his fatal hour was come, he examined into the cauſe of his new diſquiets; he was aſſured of them, and did oppoſe them, but could not get the Maſtery; and though he held this for an Infallible Maxim, that Love was the Rock of Vertue, yet he could not hinder his ſplitting upon it. A doubtfulneſs in Love is an unſpeakable torment, he hoped that he might be delivered from it, in diſcovering whither the Count *de Dunois* was really in Love with *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*: To this end he goes one Morning to his Bedſide, and finding no body with him, he preſently fell into diſcourſe about the Ladies: the Mareſchal, who would fain have inſtructed himſelf, and ſpoke his real thoughts, extoll'd the Beauty of *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* to the higheſt pitch imaginable, and did not at the ſame time forget to obſerve the countenance of *Dunois*, he drew from it the aſſured conjectures of the paſſion of that Prince,

which was likewiſe confirmed by his diſcourſe, when the Mareſchal to make him confeſs it, told him, what were his thoughts of him: It is certain, ſays the Count, that the Beauty of this Princeſs has made ſo deep an impreſſion upon my heart, that it never yet had the like; I knew preſently I had never been in Love before, and I believe I ſhall never more count the days of my life, but by that in which my Love began: But, ſaid the Mareſchal to him, are you aſſur'd that ſhe will anſwer your kindneſs, and do you fear nothing from her tender age, that is unable to make her know your Merit, and the reſpect you bear her? I fear all, replied the Count, but I hope all likewiſe, and I am ſure of this, that Fear, and Hope, are the infallible conſequences of Love: You have, replied the Mareſchal, an infinite Merit, which procures you the eſteem of all that come near you: But, Sir, take my word for it, Love is ſometimes an effect of Capriciouſneſs, rather than Reaſon; and though you deſerve the entire affections of the fair Princeſs you love, yet Fate it may be, has reſolv'd it otherwiſe: For my part, I count it, continued the Mareſchal, more dangerous to ſtand the adventure of Love than War; and the difficulty which yet could never ſtop me in the moſt perillous occaſions,

caſions, does here appear to me a moſt dreadful thing: You know alſo, *Mounſieur le Mareſchal*, replied the Count, that the greater the danger is, the more glorious is the Conqueſt, an eaſie Victory procures no ſatisfaction; but howſoever, I am reſolved to abandon my ſelf wholly to my Love: As Victory, ſaid the Mareſchal, is the appanage of Heroes, I am perſwaded, Sir, you will get the Conqueſt of her you aſpire to, provided that the Intereſts of State do not oppoſe thoſe of your Love.

I cannot tell whether the Mareſchal ſhould not have ſaid more than he would have done, if the Marquiſs *de la Trimouille* had not come in, and ended the Converſation, to begin one more general: the Mareſchal took his leave with his head full of a thouſand thoughts, which afforded him but worſe troubles, his paſſion preſs'd him to a Conduct which his Vertue did condemn; but at length the weaker was forc'd to quit the Field, and made him reſolve upon ſeeking out a Confident who was in the ſame Intereſts and Concerns with him, to thwart and oppoſe the Love of the Count *de Dunois*; for this purpoſe he made choiſe of Madam *de Cominge*, whom he knew to be of a piercing and ſubtil Wit, and very daring in her Enterpriſes; and withal, he

was not ignorant of the inclinations ſhe had for the Count. After he had made her an ingenuous Confeſſion of his Love for *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*, he craftily got out of her, that ſhe had a Paſſion for the Count *de Dunois*: they reſolv'd that Madam *de Cominge*, who had her lodgings in the Caſtle, ſhould be more conſtantly near *Mademoiſelle d' Alenſon*, and that ſhe ſhould endeavour to inſinuate her ſelf into the affections of the Princeſs, by all the complaiſances poſſible to procure her her Friendſhip. It ſo happened, in the mean time, that the others were thinking of the divertiſements that might be took in that place, it was a fair ſeaſon, and the Spring began to reinveſt the Trees with Leaves, as it did the Meadows with Flowers: And as the World has none ſo pleaſant and charming, as thoſe that border the River *de Loire*, the Queen made account to ſpend one whole day in the Iſle S. *Jean*, but there wanting a place convenient to receive her, it put their Inventions upon the Tenter how to contrive a way to keep off the ſcorching heat of the Sun; but the Count *de Dunois* took upon him the charge of that day, and they prepared themſelves for this Innocent pleaſure, as if it had been for a Magnificent Entertainment, there chanced to be a good deal of Rain,

Rain, which retarded them for ſome days; during which, the Mareſchal being gone to Madam *d' Alenſon*'s, found her a little melancholly, which ſhe was not uſed to be; ſhe had diſmiſs'd *Maiſiere*, one of the pleaſant Fellows that follow the Court, whoſe open folly conceals a politick ſubtilty, which never fails to lead them to their propoſed ends, and who was ſometimes uſed to divert the Princeſs; this made the Mareſchal conjecture that her mind was diſturbed, eſpecially ſeeing her two or three times in a poſture that ſhow'd as if ſhe was in a thouſand perplexities which way to take, and what to do; he quickly reaſoned like one that is Jealous on this change, and thought, that the Count *de Dunois* had been entertaining *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* with his Paſſion; and without ever thinking on the conſequences of that falſe conjecture, he could not refrain asking her the cauſe of her melancholly: Truly, ſaid ſhe to him, I cannot tell you preſently, though I muſt confeſs I am not ſo chearful as ordinarily I was wont to be, yet I cannot give you a reaſon for it: So great a change, Madam, interrupted the Mareſchal, ſeldom happens without a cauſe; you live not in an Age where the General Affairs can much afflict you, and you are not enough inſtructed in

thoſe of your Houſe to have them give you any concern, which makes me conclude, that your melancholineſs ariſes from ſome ſecret Source, which if it be not too great a preſumption in me to be deſirous to ſearch into, I ſhould be bold, perhaps, to aſſure my ſelf that I ſhould not have too remote a gueſs at it: You are very pleaſant, *Mounſieur le Mareſchal*, to perſwade me that I am under ſome diſtemper, when you hear me make no complaints; I tell you again what I have already told you, which is, that I have no trouble upon me, and that if you found me in a melancholy humour, it is becauſe you came juſt in a time that I was ſeriouſly muſing; and indeed, continued ſhe, I ſcarce know any one body that has not theirs, let them be never ſo brisk. Ah! *Madamoiſelle*, replied the Mareſchal, one may eaſily get out of it, when it is only taking up for ones pleaſure; but you have defended this little time too well, to make me think that it is not infinitely agreeable and delightful to you. You have reaſon, purſued the Mareſchal, you have reaſon, *Madamoiſelle*, that Declaration which *Mounſieur le Count de Dunois* has made you of his Love, well deſerves you ſhould think upon it; I beg your pardon, *Madamoiſelle*, if I concern my ſelf with a ſecret where without doubt

doubt you would not call me to your Counsel: I know not, replied modestly *Madamoiselle d' Alenson*, whether *Mounsieur le Count de Dunois* has any kindness for me, but this I do know very well, that he has not been so hardy and venturous as to acquaint me with it: He knows that persons of his and my Quality are not Masters of their Choise, and though what you say should be true, it ought not to be from him that I should learn it: At least it should be from your prudence not to do it, replied the Mareschal; for as you do say very well, *Madamoiselle*, that persons of your Birth are almost always the Victims of the Publick Good, and the Maxims of State often prevail over the inclinations of the heart, affairs are now in such a posture, as the King has need of making himself Allies, to oppose the Enemies that the Report of his Glory has raised up against him. For God's sake, *Mounsieur le Mareschal*, said *Madamoiselle d' Alenson*, do not you interrupt this serious moment which you suppose gives me so much delight, and if it can be, do not you make of it an insufferable one; let us rather discourse of the divertisement for which we are preparing. The Princess had no sooner ended these words, but the Count *de Dunois* enter'd her Chamber; the Mareschal departed

ed quickly after; but meeting with Madam *de Cominge*, he ſent her with all ſpeed unto *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſons*, to afford no time to this Lover of entertaining his fair Princeſs in private. As ſhe ſaw him coming in, ſhe bluſh'd, not being able, without ſome confuſion, to think on what the Mareſchal had juſt before told her; yet ſhe concealed it, and that ſhe might not expoſe her ſelf to a converſation that might have increas'd it, ſhe fell to talk of general things, doing whatever ſhe could to prevent falling into particulars: The Count *de Dunois*, on the contrary, was ſtill letting down his voice, and with earneſtneſs ſought after that which *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* ſhunn'd with all the precaution ſhe could; but for all that he was juſt ready to explain himſelf, when Madam *de Cominge* came in, which much to his unhappineſs oblig'd him to deſiſt for that time.

This was the firſt miſchievous hour that ſhe began to prove fatal to the Count, who notwithſtanding took it then for a thing that fell out by accident. After they had diſcourſed ſome time about indifferent matters, there came ſo much company to *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*'s, that made him deſpair to recover the opportunity that Madam *de Cominge* had made him loſe: He went to the Queen,

with

with whom he found but few persons; she told him, she had perceived he was fallen in Love with the Princess, and she had the goodness to assure him, that she approv'd his Love, and would be favourable in it. After he had confirmed her in it, he humbly begg'd she would continue her protection to him, and be mighty sollicitous with the King that he would give him his leave to Marry with the Princess: The Queen promis'd she would when she saw convenient time, but she told him that she thought it best to prepossess the Duke and Dutchess *d' Alenson*'s mind. That Evening it was resolv'd on, that the Morrow after they would go to the Isle *S. Jem:* The next day the Queen being dress't, all the Ladies of the Court came to wait upon her, and got up into their Coaches to go to the River side, where they found divers small Boats some painted, and others guilded, that attended them to take up the Queen, and her Retinue.

The day prov'd extraordinary fair, and the weather calm, and the Ladies never appear'd so beautiful as then, when they were in their *Dishabilees*: *Madamoiselle d' Alenson*, above all others, had such Charms in that Dress, that it was impossible for any to defend themselves: if they made a violent impression upon

upon the heart of the Count *de Dunois*, they were fatal to the reaſon of the Mareſchal, who would be one at this Solemnity, not ſo much for his own pleaſure, neither to contribute to that of the Companies, but to endure there all the torments of a racking Jealouſie, and to give the Princeſs confuſion, if it were poſſible. The Queen Landed at the Bank of this Feſtival Meadow, but inſtead of meeting with Willows and Oſiers, ſhe was preſented with an exact and regular border of Orenges, Pomegranat-trees, and Myrtles; and for the Field-flowers, ſhe ſaw all thoſe that the Spring could produce in the moſt curious and imbelliſhed Gardens: The Queen was very pleaſantly ſurpriz'd at this ſight, and much more, when ſhe enter'd into the Green Arbours which were prepar'd for her Reception; for all within were they beautified and ſet out with an infinite number of Garlands made of Ruſhes and Violets, which caus'd an agreeable and ſurprizing effect: The Repaſt was mighty ſplendid, the Muſick of *Hoe-boys*, and other Inſtruments, was there compleat, and ſerved as an Inter-act to a Paſtoral that was rarely well repreſented. The whole Court admired that in four days time all theſe things could be ſo exactly and curiouſly ordered, for they did ſeem to be perfect-

ly

ly Natural. In the Evening the Queen was desirous to taste the sweetness of the Air, and walk'd a pretty while leaning upon Madam *de Cominge*, whom she had a mind to discourse with privately.

It happened that the greatest part of the Courtiers and Ladies were divided into several Companies, some spending their time in gathering Flowers, whilst other were observing the motion of the waters, and all of them serv'd to make an easie way for the Count *de Dunois* to entertain *Madamoiselle d' Alenson*. The Mareschal would fain have oppos'd it, but the Marquis *de la Trimouille*, who well knew the pleasure that he should do the Count to divert this troublesome Companion, put in, and presently fell upon the Subject of War, and Stratagems, whilst *Madamoiselle d' Alenson* avoided as much as she could the private conversation with the Count; but it was high time for her to learn from his mouth a thing not unprofitable to her satisfaction, and which only her modesty made her to shun: You see, says he, *Madamoiselle*, how all the world conspires to give me an occasion of acquainting you with an important secret, whereof the Queen has permitted me to make you confident; she her self has ordered me to

tell

tell it to none but you alone. As I am always near the Queen, replied *Madamoiſelle d' A'enſon*, who does me the Honour often to ſpeak with me, I ſuppoſe if there were any thing particular which ſhe would have me know, I ſuppoſe, I ſay, ſhe would have given this Commiſſion to no body: Notwithſtanding ſhe has choſen me for this purpoſe, replied the Count *de Dunois*: and to loſe no time in acquitting my ſelf of it, know *Madamoiſelle*, that the Queen having been acquainted with the Paſſion I have for you, and the reſpect which has kept me from telling you of it, has commanded me not to make it any longer a ſecret to you. The very Name of the Queen, anſwered *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*, impoſes on me ſo much reſpect, as that it makes me to forbear teſtifying to you a little more ſeverely the confuſion that this Declaration gives me; not to derogate from the reſpect I bear her, and not to do any thing alſo contrary to my Duty, be aſſured that I will keep my ſelf to that which is permitted me; and let me tell you, that it is forbidden perſons of your Quality and mine, to make their own Deſtinies: But *Mademoiſelle*, ſaid the Count, what the Queen does Authorize, ſhall it not be to you an indiſpenſable Law? What

ſhe

ſhe ordains me, replied the Princeſs, ſhall; but pray let me wait till ſhe does preſcribe Laws to me, for I would by no means prevent her in them. The Count was going to diſcover to her the melting paſſion of his Soul, when word was brought the Queen, that the King was coming to Land at the Iſle. This news, without all peradventure, ended a converſation that was very ſweet and pleaſing to the Count, but he had the comfort to perceive neither ſeverity nor anger in the eyes of this Princeſs: But yet the Marquiſs *de la Trimouille*, all this while, was not a little peſtered with the Mareſchal *de Gié*, who was ſo terribly afflicted in his mind, that he thought ſometime he would run mad; whereſoever the Marquiſs led him, he would be turning ſtill that way which would have carried him to the Count; he ſeveral times ſpoke that Prince's name for anothers, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, ſtruck himſelf with his hands, and chattered certain words between his teeth, but they were ſo wretchedly uttered, that it was impoſſible for any to underſtand them; and ſometimes he fell into ſuch a profound ſilence, that *Mounſieur de la Trimouille* could not for his Soul get him out of, though he put to him a thouſand

Inter-

Interrogatories. The King being come, all the people flockt about the Queen; the King who that day had ſome affairs to diſpatch, could not come to joyn with them before the Evening, yet he did not fail ſharing with them in pleaſures very agreeable and delightful: For as ſoon as the day was ſhut in, there was ſeen upon the River a thouſand lights very artificially invented, and brought along at the ſound of a hundred Trumpets. After this Divertiſement, ſucceeded another Treat more magnificent than the former; which being ended, they went into a green Arbour ſhining with a prodigious number of Lamps, all burning in Glaſſes of Chryſtal, and here it was that the Ball began; *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* danced there with ſo ſmooth and delicate a Grace, that ſhe was the general admiration of the company; the Count *de Dunois* on his part joyning, to the rare meen that was ſo natural to him, the ambition he had to pleaſe his fair one, very advantagiouſly ſucceeded in his deſign; and did even more than he would have done, for Madam *de Cominge* could not behold him ſo tranſcending, without having her heart ſenſible again of thoſe former flames wherewith ſhe had burnt for him; but ſhe could not ſee them neglected,

neglected, without forming in her head a deſign to revenge her ſelf. She declined dancing that Evening, and taking her time, now all the company was buſied in that Divertiſement, which was not any longer to the benefit of the Mareſchal, ſhe came to him, and told him, that the Queen had had a long diſcourſe with her; that ſhe was aſſured ſhe bore the Count *de Dunois* a great deal of eſteem and friendſhip: but withal, at the ſame time, forgot not to tell him, that ſhe had obſerved ſhe had not the ſame Sentiments for him: He was not at all ſurprized at it, for he did remember the ſecret Factions he raiſed to oppoſe the Queens Marriage, and conſequently the reaſons ſhe had not to love him. After a great many diſcourſes on the ſubject of their weighty affair, which was Jealouſie, they were of opinion that the Mareſchal ſhould take the firſt opportunity that was preſented to foreſtal the King about it: But yet *Maiſiere*, who made it his buſineſs to inſtruct himſelf with the Court-adventures, preferred to the pleaſure of ſeeing them dance, that of obſerving Madam *de Cominge*, and the Mareſchal, who were ſlipt out of the Arbour into another: *Maiſiere* did his utmoſt to over-hear what they ſaid, but they ſpoke ſo low,

low, that he could pick out nothing, only at the latter end of their diſcourſe, the mutual aſſurance they gave of their fidelity each to other: *Maiſiere* needed nothing more to make him believe that the Mareſchal and Madam *de Cominge* were deeply ingaged in Love; he told it to ſome one privately, who quickly conveyed it to another, till in a ſhort time it came to be known to the whole Court. *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* was not one of the laſt who was acquainted with it, for *Maiſiere* took a world of care to give her the knowledge of any thing he thought might divert her: This gave her occaſion innocently to rally at Madam *de Cominge* upon the ſubject of her Love, which ſhe took little care to diſſwade the Princeſs from, being very glad to conceal, under this pretext, the private Commerce they had eſtabliſhed between them. In this poſture matters were then, when the King learn'd that the *Neapolitans* were reduced to the Obedience of the King of *Arragon*: Only the Mareſchal *de Gié* was with the King when he received this news; he preſently reſolved to go into *Italy* to puniſh the Rebels: The Mareſchal ſtrengthened him in his deſign, and diſcovered to him at the ſame time, that it was requiſite to ſecure the *Milanois* to himſelf,

in making an Alliance with them, which would draw them off from the League which they had entered into with the Emperour *Maximilian*, *Ferdinand* King of *Spain*, and the Princes of *Italy*. The Mareſchal added, that the only means he knew of to break this Confederacy, was to marry *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* to the young Duke of *Milan*, or at leaſt agree upon things, till ſuch time as the young Duke ſhould be of age fit to marry. The King did much approve of the Mareſchals advice, and ordered him to go preſently and find out the Duke *d' Alenſon*. The Mareſchal counſelled the King to keep this buſineſs ſecret, and acquainted him with the love of the Count de Dunois for *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*: He ſaid, perhaps this Prince might by ſome indirect courſe break off the Alliance, craftily inſinuating into the Kings Breaſt a kind of ſuſpition for the Count. When he had left the King in the diſpoſition he ſo much deſired, he went and found out *Mounſieur le Duke d' Alenſon*, and Madam his Wife, to whom he propoſed the marriage of their Daughter with the Duke of *Milan*; and as they objected to him the Dukes extream tender age, the Mareſchal gave them the ſame Expedient he had given the King, to

Sign

Sign the Articles, and not conclude the Marriage till ſome years after. This Treaty appearing advantagious to the Duke and Dutcheſs, they conſented that the Mareſchal ſhould take this buſineſs upon him; but he obſerv'd to them the ſame precaution as he had to the King, telling them, that ſecreſie is the Soul of weighty affairs. After this was done, he ſent preſently to *Sforza* about it, Uncle and Tutor of the Duke of *Milan*. Whilſt he was thus imployed, the Queen went to ſee Madam *d' Alenſon*, to know her thoughts, and the Dukes her Husband, about the marriage of *Mounſieur le Count de Dunois*, and the Princeſs their Daughter: But the Queen was much ſurpriz'd to perceive the Dutcheſs did not anſwer her as ſhe expected, and that ſhe did not gladly receive ſuch a Propoſition; judging then by the manner of the Dutcheſs her ſpeaking to her, that there muſt be ſome particular reaſon for her ſhifting off this Propoſition: The Queen preſt her, and making uſe of thoſe ingaging words wherewith ſhe commonly ſubdued hearts, ſhe began to ſtagger the diſcretion of the Dutcheſs, and at laſt forc'd out of her the ſecret of the Mareſchal his Negotiation: The averſion the Queen had for him, and

the

the friendſhip ſhe bore the Count *de Dunois*, obliged her to ruine the deſigns of the Mareſchal, by all the ways ſhe could imagine, that were poſſible to prove fatal to him. She made the Dutcheſs *d' Alenſon* to conſider, that this Marriage would for ever deprive her of the comfort of ſeeing a Daughter that was ſo beloved by her; that neither her age, nor the Dukes her Husband, would permit her often to take a Journey to *Milan*; and on the other hand, the Alliance of *Mounſieur le Count de Dunois*, would let her quietly enjoy a good that was ſo dear to her: The Queen added yet farther, that the inequality of *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*'s Age with the Duke of *Milan*'s, would bring ſuch a conſtraint upon their minds, that it would be impoſſible for her ever to live happy. The Queen ſeeing theſe reaſons began to work upon the tenderneſs of the Dutcheſs, preſt her with ſo many inſinuations, that if the good Lady did not yield up her ſelf quite at that inſtant, ſhe found at leaſt ſhe was ſtrongly inclined to fall into the ſentiments the Queen was ſo vehemently inſpiring her withal. After ſhe had farther urged her upon this ſubject, ſhe left her, to give her ſome time to make reflection upon all the Queen had been ſay-

ing

ing to her. The Count *de Dunois* not knowing either his unhappineſs, or the goodneſs of the Queen in endeavouring to remove it, was gone with *Mounſieur de la Trimouille* to *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon's*, with whom they found Madam *de Cominge*: The Marquiſs pretending to ſpeak to her of the Report that was ſpread about the Court, that the Mareſchal was fallen in love with her, took her to a Window to entertain her about it: She denied it very ſcurvily, for ſhe had no mind to remove his doubt, and ſtill more ſcurvily, by the jealouſie ſhe had in ſeeing the Count ſpeak low to the Princeſs, whom he had ſo ſtrongly perſwaded that day, that ſhe did not forbid him to love her, nor to hope being beloved again: She eaſily thought that the Queen did approve his love, and was not troubled, that it was not in her power to oppoſe that Authority with the ſcruple ſhe made of loving a Prince, who was not made choiſe of by thoſe perſons to whom ſhe owed ſubmiſſion. This converſation had all the raviſhing ſweetneſs that poſſibly could make it agreeable to thoſe between whom it was held: Madam *de Cominge*, who took notice of their ſatisfaction by it, accounted it as Hell and Damnation to her; the coming in

of

of *Maiſtere* made this jealous Lover hope the Princeſs would ſpeak to him as ſhe was wont, but ſeeing ſhe was deceived, ſhe would fain have obliged him to interrupt the converſation. *Maiſtere* knowing well that the familiarity would be at that time very unſeaſonable, anſwered Madam *de Cominge* after his uſual frank way: And would you have been glad, Madam, that I had come and troubled you in the green Arbour, when you were privately diſcourſing with *Monſieur le Mareſchal de Gié*, and the reſt were dancing in the Iſle S. *Jean*; would not you have bid me go and ſee when the Ball would have ended? I ſhould have been ſure, Madam, to have received ſuch a Commiſſion from you: Now I have no ambition to be imployed upon the like Errand by the Princeſs, let us ſpeak, if it pleaſe you, of what all the World ſpeaks, that is, of the King his Voyage for *Italy*, of the tears that will be ſhed at his departure, and of the joy that we ſhall receive to ſee him return with Lawrels on his Brow. But obſerving that Madam *de Cominge* anſwered not a word; I believe, went he on, that your mind is already taken up with the regret of thinking that your Friends are about to leave you. Let me, Madam, coun-

ſel

ſel you to be merry whilſt you do injoy the ſight of them, till they be troubled by their abſence. *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* not being willing, out of regard to civility, to make the converſation laſt any longer, the Count took his leave of her, and went to the Queen, of whom he learn'd the condition that his affairs were in. At the firſt, his Reſentments were carried out againſt the Mareſchal; but the Queen diſcovered to him, that his proceedings being ſtrengthened by the appearance of the Publick Good, it would be to ruine himſelf in the Kings favour, to ſhow any violence againſt him, and then ſhe ſhould not be in a capacity to do him further ſervice: She gave him then ſtrict charge to ſmother his anger, and to leave to her the care of managing his Intereſts with prudence. When he came from the Queen, the Count went to his Apartment with the Marquiſs *de la Trimouille*, to whom he told all that ſhe had acquainted him with. They diſcourſed together what ſhould be the motives to make the Mareſchal act in ſo ſtrange a manner; and reflecting on what was paſt, they judg'd it might proceed from his being in Love, the Marquiſs relating to him what he had obſerved at the Iſle S. *Jean*: but on the other

ther hand, what *Maiſter* had heard, made them that they could ſcarce believe it. In the Evening, the Queen diſcourſed with *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* in private, and ſpoke to her ſo extreamly advantagious of her Illuſtrious Gallant, that the Princeſs fully reſolved within her ſelf to love him, eſpecially being incouraged by the Queen, who ſhewed her ſo many diſadvantages in her marrying of the Duke of *Milan*, that *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* put away all the ſcruples ſhe had made to abandon her heart to this Innocent affection. Many days paſſed away, in which *Mounſieur le Count de Dunois* enjoyed divers converſations in liberty with his Princeſs, both at the Queen's Lodgings, and at the Walks. Madam *de Cominge* having been under ſuch an indiſpoſition, that ſhe could not leave her Chamber; but theſe pleaſant Entertainments, which o'rewhelmed them with Joy and Delight, proved inſupportable to the Mareſchal; ſo that not being able any longer to ſuffer them, he went to the Duke *d' Alenſon's*, and told him, that it was neceſſary he ſhould advert ſe the Princeſs his Daughter, that ſhe ſhou d carry her ſelf with more indifference to-

wards the Count *de Dunois*, without giving of him any other particular reaſon than that of her humour. As 'tis Natural for Fathers and Mothers to cut ſhort the liberty of their Children, the Duke was much pleaſed that he had an occaſion to give her his Prohibitions and Commands; a priviledge that he often put in practiſe. He made *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* be called before her Mother, and made a long Harrangue on the Obedience that a Daughter Nobly born owes to the perſons that gave them their being. After which, he did ſtrictly forbid her having any particular interview with the Count *de Dunois*, and ordered her to be content with living civilly with him.

The Princeſs was ſo ſurprized at this cruel Command, that if the Duke had taken notice of the alterations in her face, he might without any conjuring have gueſs'd at the cauſe; but by good hap he left her to diſcourſe with the Dutcheſs her Mother: She withdrew into her apartment, where Madam *de Cominge* enter'd almoſt as ſoon as ſhe. The Princeſs having known of the Queen the Mareſchals deſign for her marriage with

with the Duke of *Milan*, did make her complaints to her, whom ſhe ſuppoſed was his Miſtreſs, who delivered her as ſoon from that Opinion; and after many diſcourſes to diſabuſe her of it, ſhe asked the Princeſs if ſhe had ne're ſuſpected the Mareſchal to be in love with her: The Princeſs having told her, that ſhe had never given her ſelf the trouble to think of it. Madam *de Cominge* took care to make her obſerve the application with which the old Mareſchal did regard her; how neat and modiſh he was when he viſited her, and a thouſand other obſervations; which made *Mademoiſelle d' Alenſon* remember, that what Madam *de Cominge* had told her, was not improbable: but there came then many other thoughts into her head. Her being forbid to ſee the Count *de Dunois*, cauſed ſo great an affliction to her, that ſhe could not keep it to her ſelf. Madam *de Cominge* was yet unſuſpected by her, and this ſubtil perſon had always appeared ſo ſtrongly inclined to the Princeſſes Intereſts, that ſhe intruſted her with the ſecret of her heart; the love ſhe had for the Count *de Dunois*, and the fear ſhe was in leſt her marriage with the

Duke of *Milan* ſhould be concluded; and the villanous Order that ſhe had received, not any more to ſpeak to the Count: But ſhe diſcovered this grief with ſuch melting expreſſions, that Madam *de Cominge* made as if ſhe would have died with madneſs.

The Princeſs having obſerved ſhe was touch'd with it, gladly applied her ſelf to this feign'd compaſſion, and thank'd her ſo obligingly for it, that any other but this Perfidious Wretch would have ſubmitted to ſo much goodneſs and ſweetneſs of Nature. If ſhe did it not in good earneſt, at leaſt ſhe could pretend it: ſhe rail'd and ſtorm'd againſt the Mareſchal; ſhe quarrel'd with all the world, and pour'd out ſo many tears, that *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* thought ſhe could do no better than make a Confident of Madam *de Cominge*, who offered to facilitate a Commerce of Letters between the Princeſs, and the Count. The Princeſs being ſenſible that it was very requiſite the Count ſhould be quickly advertiſed of the Prohibition the Duke had made her, ſo that he ſhould not be ſurprized at the ſtrangeneſs of her carriage towards him, and that he ſhould be-

bethink how he ought to manage himself on his part, took the occasion that Madam *de Cominge* offered her, and writ these few words.

---

# *Madamoiselle d' Alenson's* Letter to the Count *de Dunois.*

*'TIs forbidden me to speak with you, and I must obey: I know not whether you have any cause to complain; but I avow to you I have. My affliction would be extreamly great, if yours was infinite: Let me find then my Consolation in the necessity that you will have of being comforted.*

Madam *de Cominge* received this Letter from the hands of the Princess unsealed; but before she would give it to the

Count, ſhe ſhewed it to the Mareſchal, who was only concerned at it for the Intereſts of his Jealouſie, and not at all for the diſpleaſure he did to that perſon in the world, for whom he had the greateſt paſſion. He was ſeveral times about to run away from her with the Letter, and to carry it to the Duke *d' Alenſon's*; but the itching deſire he had to ſee the Anſwer, made him give it again to this Faithleſs Confident.

By accident ſhe met the Count, whom ſhe ſpoke to, and told him ſhe had ſomething particular to ſay to him; and that ſhe could not truſt him with the ſecret, but in a place where they could be neither ſeen, nor heard by any. They agreed ſhe ſhould expect him at her Apartment, where ſhe no ſooner ſaw him coming in, but ſhe was before hand with him: You ſee Sir, ſaid ſhe to him, how deeply one is concerned in your Intereſts; and by this *Letter* I preſent you, you may judge what I do for you, and againſt my ſelf: Whatever happineſs ſhould come to me from it, replied the Count to her, in taking it, I ſhould be extreamly ſorry it ſhould give you the leaſt trouble. Read, ſays ſhe to him, I

account

account the peril nothing that I expoſe my ſelf to. The Count was ſo ſurprized in reading what the Princeſs writ to him, that for ſome time it made him loſe the uſe of his ſpeech. Ah! Madam, ſaid he at laſt to her, let the trouble I give you coſt me dear, and what is the miſery I muſt undergo for you? I am mightily concerned, replied Madam *de Cominge* to him, to increaſe your affliction; but I have orders from the Princeſs for to acquaint you with the circumſtances of her ill fortune, and yours.

She then up and told him what had paſſed between the Duke and his Daughter; and at the ſame time aſſured him, that ſince the priviledge of Converſation was forbidden him, ſhe would facilitate that of writing for him. How ſenſible ſoever the Count was of this unhappineſs, he was notwithſtanding very much pleaſed at Madam *de Cominge*'s carriage towards him; and not diſcerning the Artifice, he made her his acknowledgments in the moſt tender and obliging terms that could be. When he had done ſo, he begg'd of her by all the Friendſhip ſhe ever had for him, and

by the eſteem he had conſerv'd for her, to oblige *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* to grant him one private interview, where he might diſcover to her all his affliction, and give her the aſſurances of his faithfulneſs. She promiſed him to uſe her utmoſt perſwaſions to bring the Princeſs to a compliance. The Count likewiſe deſir'd it by a ſmall Note he gave to Madam *de Cominge*: It had the ſame deſtiny as the former; for it was ſeen by the Mareſchal, before it was ever given to the Princeſs: And this Jealous Lover read in it theſe words with the moſt violent tranſports, that it was poſſible for that Paſſion to produce.

---

The

# The Count *de Dunois* his Letter to *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*.

*'Tis not a Letter that is capable of acquainting you with the afflictions which Yours has coſt me: Oh! let me die, or ſee you; that ſo I may make you underſtand what it is impoſſible I can ever expreſs to you any other ways.*

The Mareſchal would fain have had Madam *de Cominge* burnt the Letter, or done any thing elſe with it, and never mention the Enterview that the Count deſired of *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*: but the Treacherous Confident diſcovering to him the advantage that he might derive from it, made him at laſt conſent that ſhe ſhould give her the Letter, and

inſiſt upon the ſecret Audience that the Count deſir'd of the Princeſs, reſolving together to take their meaſures according to the uſe they obſerved her to make of it; and preſently after Madam *de Cominge* went to give to her an account of her Commiſſion: But when ſhe was perſwading her to conſent to the Enterview that the Count *de Dunois* begg'd of her with ſo much earneſtneſs and ſollicitation, the Princeſs could not get leave of her ſelf to reſolve upon it. She laid down ſo many ſubſtantial reaſons to Madam *de Cominge*, that ſhe thought ſhe would never farther trouble her about it. But at laſt Love was too violent for all her reflections: the time and place were agreed on to be the next day, at the dusk of the Evening, in the Park, with Madam *de Cominge*, and her women only. The Mareſchal was the firſt who was advertiſed of it, and prepared himſelf to repreſent there the troubleſome perſon, and her Perſecutors. The Count alſo waited the good minute with a great deal of impatience: but Madam *de Cominge* put the turn upon him, in telling him, that *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* had not found any place more convenient, and

leſs

leſs ſuſpected, than her Apartment, which was not very remote from that of the Princeſs. But whilſt that *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* was poring upon the ill conſequences that this Interview might bring along with it, the King was ſpeaking to the Count *de Dunois*, and communicating to him his deſign for *Italy*, telling him of the Imploys he ought to have in his Army: and afterwards he cloſely fell upon the particulars of the Negotiation of *Milan*; I am obliged, ſays the King to him, to facilitate the paſſage of my Troops, to concern the Duke of *Milan* in my Intereſts, and to draw them off from ſiding with my Enemies, by an Alliance, whereof of neceſſity, *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* muſt tye the Knot. I know very well, continued the King, your Love will not permit you to be concern'd in this policy; but yet I am more perſwaded, that your affection for me will force you to conſent to it: Your Majeſty, replied the Count, is ſufficient to exact from me my Obedience; but if it may pleaſe you to examine the Conduct of *Sforza* with the *Milanois*, perhaps it would remove the Opinion you now have, that this

Marri-

Marriage might take effect: Indeed, purſued he, 'tis not probable that a man who aſpires at Tyranny, will marry a Prince whom he has a deſign to ruine: and it is not to be imagined, that a prudent man will bring again upon himſelf a puiſſance ſo terrible as yours, which *Sforza* infallibly will procure to himſelf, if after this Alliance, he got the State of the Duke of *Milan* into his own hands. Thoſe who have the charge of this Negotiation, ſaid the King, will manage my Intereſts with ſo much prudence, that we ſhall be ſecure from that Event, and I expect within theſe few days the Concluſion of this Treaty. As he made an end of theſe words, the King went preſently to the Queen, without giving the Count time to reply upon him. One may eaſily imagine that he was ſenſibly touched at this diſcourſe, but his hope for ſome time ſuſpended the affliction that he conceived at it. The hour of the Rendezvous drawing near, Madam *de Cominge* writ a Letter to *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*, by which ſhe begged her excuſe that ſhe could not wait upon her to the Park, upon ſome pretence that could by no means in the world be diſpenced withal.

withal. The Princeſs had a good mind ſeveral times to break off the aſſignation, and then ſhe ſaw the inconveniencies of it, and fear'd leſt this Interview, though wholly Innocent, might be conſtrued to her diſadvantage. On the other ſide, the deſire of ſeeing the Prince urged her mightily to it.

After ſhe had made a thouſand tumultuous reflections, ſhe determined to do what her heart inſpired her to. She went into the Park a little after it was dark, but it was with a great deal of trembling. The confuſion of thoſe Sentiments ſeemed to preſage no happineſs to her from this carriage; ſhe had already took ſome turns in a ſhady private walk that ſhe had made choiſe of, becauſe it appeared to her more retired, and ſo conſequently more ſafe, when ſhe perceived a man by the glimmering light of the Moon to come over the Park Pales, and making near her in an humble and reſpectful poſture, ſhe advanced towards him: By the peril I expoſe my ſelf to, judge, ſaid ſhe to him, in beginning with him, of my eſteem, and of my affection; for at laſt, after the cruel Prohibitions from my Father of ſpeaking

to

to you, what confuſion ſhould I receive, if ever it ſhould be diſcovered that I had a private Interview with the Count *de Dunois*; and eſpecially if it were known by the Mareſchal? And why, *Madamoiſelle*, interrupted the Mareſchal, (for it was neither better nor worſe, but even he himſelf) is this unhappy Mareſchal ſo dreadful to you, who cannot be ſuſpected by you, without becoming at the ſame time the object of your hatred? It is eaſie to be judged what was the Princeſs her ſurprize, when ſhe heard this voice: Yet ſhe only had a ſuſpition of her unhappineſs from it; but what was her fear when ſhe began to think, that the Count *de Dunois* might come, and that finding her there at that hour with the Mareſchal, he might a little doubt her ſincerity; or that ſeeking an opportunity to quarrel with him, he might take this advantage from this Rencounter. A thouſand things came into her imagination, which put her almoſt into fatal Trances. The Mareſchal perceived it by her ſilence, and though a few ſteps ſhe fled away from him, yet he reſpectfully caught hold of her by her Garment: I ſee well, ſaid he

to

to her, *Madamoiſelle*, that this Countertime is diſpleaſing to you, and that for a happy moment, for which you were waiting, you are like to have but a very troubleſome one: But ſince the goodneſs of my ſtars conducted me here, ſuffer me to profit by it; and that I tell you a truth which I have a long time kept private to my ſelf, and did reſolve never to ſpeak of it: Know then, *Madamoiſelle*, if you thought to find here a Prince that is deep in Love; you find here in his place one that is the moſt paſſionate of all the men in the world: Your Birth has not dazled me, but your Charms have ſeduced my Reaſon; and maugre all the reſolutions that I took never to love any thing, I have left my ſelf to be overcome by that Ardour that muſt conſume me. What! replied *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*, you do not only find your ſelf in a place where I have nothing to fear but you, but you will yet ſerve your ſelf of this advantage, and loſe that reſpect that is your duty in ſpeaking to me of your fooliſh paſſion: But not to entertain it, continued the Princeſs, know, that Fortune does not ſo much make me averſe to you, as the diſeſtimation, nay hatred, that I

have

have conceived from your unworthy pr ocedure. Ah! *Madamoiſelle*, interrupted the Mareſchal, do not you think of that diſpair that now you caſt me into, and fear you nothing from a Man of Spirit, whoſe love and reſpect you ſlight? If you kept your ſelf, interrupted ſhe, within the bounds of that Vertue that a Man of Honour preſcribes to himſelf, you would not have taken ſuch indiſcreet meaſures to trouble the Innocent and harmleſs kindneſs which I have for the Count *de Dunois*, and to begin the Intrigue of an Alliance, where, according to all appearances, you ſhall never be happy in the ſucceſs? Do not you abuſe your ſelf with the thoughts of it, purſued ſhe, it may happen, that I ſhall never be for him to whom my heart does deſtine me; but it is certain, that I will die a thouſand times over, rather than you ſhall be the Director of my Fortune. It may be, *Madamoiſelle*, ſaid the Mareſchal, that the inclinations of *Mounſieur*, your Father, will make you change your reſolves now, and that your Vertue will not betray it ſelf by a diſobedience that will appear Criminal to all the world: Things are now in ſuch a poſture, that

you

you ought not much to hope for change. The Princeſs hearing the Mareſchal ſpeak to her in this manner, thought that ſhe ſhould have died with grief, but ſhe came to her ſelf, and thought that in making him ſee the good that he loſt by his proceedings, ſhe might inſpire him with a deſire of re-eſtabliſhing himſelf in her favour: In truth, ſaid ſhe to him, I never knew that any gained the heart of thoſe perſons they love, by doing all they can to give them diſpleaſure; and if my eſteem was a happineſs for you, why are you ſo deſirous to loſe it? and to what purpoſe does ſuch a conduct ſerve you, that is ſo oppoſite to the way that might lead you to it? Alas! *Madamoiſelle*, what reaſon do you demand from a man, who blindly follows the Laws that his paſſion impoſes on him? I have perceiv'd I was not able to live, and ſee you in the Arms of a Prince who loves you, and whom you do not hate; and I thought in procuring you a ſtrange Alliance, I ſhould be leſs wretched, though I expos'd my ſelf to the unhappineſs of your abſence. You expoſe your ſelf thereby, replied the Princeſs, to all thoſe that may follow my indignation: If you had loved

loved me with the reſpect you owe to me; if you had left it to me to Divine your paſſion, I might have complained of you, and not being able to anſwer your Sentiments, I might have, at leaſt, granted you my eſteem. I have told you already, *Madamoiſelle*, replied the Mareſchal, that I had reſolved never to ſpeak of it whilſt I lived; and I ſhould have done ſo, if I had not been forced to ſeek my Cure in the teſtimonies of your compaſſion, or in the laſt marks of your hatred: But *Madamoiſelle*, by the meaſure that you make me acquainted with it, my Love and my Diſpair increaſe, ſo that *I* am not yet at the point where you deſire me. The Princeſs had not held ſo tedious a Converſation, but for the fear ſhe was in leſt the Mareſchal ſhould advertiſe the Duke *d' Alenſon*, which kept her from leaving him alone: She ſtill hoped to bring him back to his Reaſon, and conſtrained her Reſentment, even to deſire him not to reveal this ſecret to thoſe that might condemn it. He did not make her a preciſe anſwer; he only told her, ſhe was the Miſtreſs of his ſilence, and it wholly depended on the manner that ſhe meant to

live with him. *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* had much ado to leave the Mareſchal in the diſpoſition wherein ſhe ſaw him; and it may be ſhe had yet retained him, but the Marquiſs *de la Trimouille*, who by hazard came back to bathe himſelf with ſeveral other perſons of the Court, was coming up to them, and ended this troubleſome Interview. The Mareſchal withdrew firſt, and the Princeſs was not not long after him in it, having no diſpoſition to expoſe her ſelf to another Interview in the trouble her mind was in.

When ſhe was at her Apartment, ſhe wrote a Note to Madam *de Cominge*, to know of her the cauſe of this dangerous miſtake. She gave it to a Maid, whom ſhe ordered not to put it into the hand of this perfidious Confident, but when ſhe ſhould ſee no body with her. This Maid, who was called *Madamoiſelle de Rieux*, and who was bred up with *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*, went to Madam *de Cominge*; and informing her ſelf in the Antichamber whether ſhe was alone, ſhe was told that the Count *de Dunois* had been there with her they knew not how long. She would not go in when ſhe heard that, but went

went into a little Chamber, where ſhe waited till they came, and told her that he was gone. *Rieux* diſcharg'd her Commiſſion, and Madam *de Cominge* ſeem'd ſurprized in reading the Letter the Princeſs ſent her; but becauſe ſhe look'd every minute for the Mareſchals coming to her, ſhe diſmiſs'd *Rieux* with all the haſte ſhe could, telling her, that ſhe would be to morrow with the Princeſs by that time ſhe was out of her Bed, to give her as good accouut as ſhe could in whatever ſhe deſired to be inform'd. *Rieux* carried her Miſtreſs this imperfect anſwer, which in all probability did not give her much ſatisfaction: And as ſhe asked her why ſhe ſtayed ſo long for ſo ſlight a matter, *Rieux* frankly told her, that the Count *de Dunois* having paſt all the Evening with Madam *de Cominge*, ſhe waited till he was gone. Thoſe words augmented the trouble in which the Princeſs then was: Jealouſie began to fill up her thoughts, and made there its uſual extravagancies. Sometimes ſhe did hit upon ſome Idea's of the truth; but Jealouſie would be Maſter, and made ſuch diſorder and confuſion in her mind, that ſhe ſtood in need of all her Reaſon to keep her from being

being wholly overcome by it. But this was but the beginning of her affliction; for in the midſt of theſe troubleſome reflections, the Duke her Father entered her Chamber, and as it was not ordinary for him to make her any Viſits at ſuch an unſeaſonable hour as that was, it gave her the greater ſurprize. But this ſevere Father did not ſuffer her to be long in ſuſpence upon the occaſion of his coming; he prevented her, by his outragious reproaches of her Conduct, laying open to her her walking in the Park, in all the colours that might make it appear horrible to her. In vain the Princeſs would have juſtified her ſelf by the approbation the Queen had given to her eſteem for the Count *de Dunois*: he would not hear a word; and he was ſo carried out by his rage, that he had like to have committed the laſt violences againſt his Daughter.

But at laſt, having School'd her a great while, he left her, being weary with it; and it is very probable, that the Princeſs was extreamly tormented to hear him. As he was going out, he did command her not to ſtir out of her Chamber but by his order: he appointed a Gentleman who

who had followed him, to obſerve her motions, and let none of her Women go out of her Apartment. Whilſt the Princeſs was arguing with her ſelf about her unhappineſs, the Count *de Dunois* was as much diſquieted within himſelf. He was gone to Madam *de Cominge*'s, and not meeting with the Princeſs there, he was in hopes ſhe would not be long e're ſhe came, During the firſt moments, he was pleaſed with his impatience, in having brought him there to wait for her: but ſtaying there a good while, without any other inquietude than that which attended on what one loves, he began to find the hours very long: Madam *de Cominge* perceiving his uneaſineſs, feigned to be troubled at it: ſhe made one of her Women be called, and ordered her to go and know where *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* did paſs away the Evening. This Woman, after ſhe had ſtayed long enough to make them believe that ſhe had acquitted her ſelf of her Commiſſion, return'd, and told her Miſtreſs, that the Princeſs after ſhe had walked a long time in the Park with the Mareſchal *de Gié*, was gone home. Madam *de Cominge*, by an affected ſmile, ſtirr'd up in the heart

of

of this unquiet Prince, the deſire of knowing what ſhe would ſay. Good God! ſaid this malicious piece of Harlotry to him, I am afraid of troubling you, therefore I beſeech you releaſe me from giving you an account of my thoughts; for beſides that I may poſſibly be deceived, I muſt infallibly cauſe in you a great deal of diſorder; I know by my ſelf, that paſſionate and tender Souls do not find ſmall faults in Love. Theſe words obliged the Count to preſs this politick Factreſs for the Mareſchal, to explain her ſelf a little more fully: But after a great many Ceremonies, both impertinent and troubleſome, ſhe told him, that ſhe did not believe that the Princeſs would ſtrongly reſiſt the Authority of the Duke her Father; and that at the laſt converſation ſhe had had with her, ſhe had acknowledged that ſhe was reſolved, without much adoo, upon a ſtrange Marriage. It may be, ſaid ſhe to him, that this very moment your impatience gives you ſo much inquietude, it may be, I ſay —— but no, 'tis not for me to make ſo juſt a diſcourſe upon this conjuncture; and ſince your heart does not advertiſe you of it, my precaution ſhould be

be uſeleſs. I beſeech you Madam, replied the Count *de Dunois*, do not give off wholly overwhelming an unhappy man, in leaving him under an uncertainty of the Reaſon of his misfortune: Speak then, Madam, but ſpeak ſincerely; ſhow me the Enemies I ought to oppoſe, and clear up to me a Myſtery that I can underſtand nothing of without you: What, ſaid Madam *de Cominge* to him, you find a great deal of trouble in unravelling that which *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* might have prevented by her being here. You apprehend, that the time which ſhe ought to ſpend with you, ſhe caſts away peaceably upon the Mareſchal *de Gié*, and never remembers her ſelf, that you wait for her at my Lodgings. Methinks, continued this cunning Gypſie, that having ſo much Spirit, and ſo much Love as you have, you ought to be more informed about this matter. The Eſteem and the Love which I have for the Princeſs, replied the Count, does ſo ſtrongly defend her in my heart, that I have no mind to ſuſpect her of a weakneſs, ſo contrary to the Opinion I have conceived of her Sincerity. But yet, interrupted Madam *de Cominge*, the Princeſs knows that the Mareſchal

Mareſchal is moſt paſſionately ſmitten with her, that he treats about her Marriage with the Duke of *Milan*: She gives him the time that ſhe had deſtined for you; you love her, you think likewiſe ſhe is in love with you: Reconcile all theſe things, if you can, and ſee if your ſuſpitions be unjuſt. The love of the Mareſchal for *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*, replied the Count, ſhall never cauſe me to be Jealous; all things aſſure me, nothing diſquiets me on that account; and had I but his Merit and his paſſion to overcome, I ſhould not have much cauſe to complain. As to the Negotiation of *Milan*, the little appearance there is that the Mareſchal ſhould ſucceed in that Enterprize, ſeems to reſolve me of the Event, and ſhould make him have an averſion for it, ſince it cannot but turn to his confuſion; and for the love which I bear the Princeſs, it is of the force of that love from which I pretend to derive my ſafety, and the aſſurance of her Eſteem and Friendſhip. I know very well, purſued he, that the appearances are againſt her, but if they accuſe her, my love juſtifies her: You are very ingenious to deceive your ſelf, replied Madam

*de Cominge*; or that I may ſpeak more handſomely, you are a little too much prepoſſeſt, and can ſcarcely diſcern the different Sentiments that you create in hearts. Conſider better——If I am ingenious to deceive my ſelf, interrupted the Count, beginning to be a little yellow; Madam *de Cominge*, you are too ingenious to ruine the little repoſe that is remaining in me: But neither to believe your Artifices, nor my credulity in the caſe, I will take my leave, and endeavour to inform my ſelf better. To conclude; he left her, and went home, where he found *Mounſieur de la Trimouille* who waited for him, to acquaint him that he had ſeen *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*, and the Mareſchal, walking together in the Park. The Count, who already had been told of this meeting, could not forbear conceiving a new vexation, now he heard it confirm'd, and ſtrengthened himſelf in his ſuſpitions againſt Madam *de Cominge*. He told the Marquiſs the Converſation he had had with her; and the Marquiſs made him be of the Opinion, that it was an effect of the paſſion ſhe had always had for him, and of the intelligence that was between her and the Ma

reſchal.

reſchal. In the mean time, the Mareſchal gave Madam *de Cominge* an account of his converſation with the Princeſs: I left her, ſaid he to her, with the fear that I would reveal ſo important a ſecret to the Duke her Father; for as for the Dutcheſs, I have obſerv'd, that ſhe by little and little begins to be of the ſame ſentiments with her Daughter. I took then the ſureſt way; I went directly to *Mounſieur d' Alenſon's*, to whom I gave ſuch a Relation of this Adventure, as I thought might be ſerviceable to my deſign, and I ſuppreſſed what I imagined might be of prejudice to me, or which might render me ſuſpected by the Duke. He ſeem'd to be much incens'd; and a little after he was come to himſelf, he took a reſolution to be gone the next night after, to the end that, ſaid he to me, I might give leiſure unto abſence to make its ordinary effect upon the heart of the Princeſs.

As I was ſpeaking to him in the King his Antichamber, he thought it convenient to take his leave of him, and tell him the reaſons of his ſo ſudden a departure, which the King found very judicious, and weighty. He departed from

the Queen, who had been ſtrongly ſpeaking to him in favour of the Count *de Dunois*, and though what the Queen told him had great appearances of Reaſon, yet the maxims of State carried him above the compliances he had for her. So that, continued the Mareſchal, you may obſerve that our affairs are in a pretty good forwardneſs for the eſtabliſhing of our repoſe. Madam *de Cominge*, on her part, did not fail to tell him of the Counts impatiencies, and the little progreſs ſhe had made upon his heart; which made them both be of the mind, that the departure of *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* was the only Remedy they could find out to cure them of their afflictions. Whilſt theſe perfidious Lovers were laying about them, and plotting all theſe Artifices, the Count *de Dunois* ſuffered all that a man was capable of ſuffering; for *Mounſieur de la Trimouille*, who had ſeen *Mounſieur d' Alenſon* and the Mareſchal in a great conference, and who afterwards ſaw them ſpeaking both together with the King, made him conjecture, that his affairs were likely to be ruined. It was then that the counſels of this generous and prudent Friend were very neceſſary for

for him, to hinder him from puniſhing openly the ſecret offences of the Marſchal; a thing that would have abſolutely ſpoil'd the affairs of the Count. He knew not by which way he could inſtruct himſelf in the interview of the Park, there being none but the Mareſchal, and Madam *de Cominge*, who knew poſitively the truth of it. He would not ſend either his Friends, or any of his menial Servants, to inform himſelf about what ſhe did, for fear of doing any thing that might diſpleaſe him. Not knowing then what to conclude upon, there came a thought into the head of *Mounſieur de la Trimouille*, which as you ſhall hear, by what will afterwards fall out, did happen to him even according to his own wiſh.

*Maiſiere* was a perſon ſuſpected by none at Court; his Foppiſhneſs and Antick kind of tricks, made him paſs currantly for an Extravagant Fellow: But *Mounſieur de la Trimouille* who was acquainted with him, by his having been ſerviceable to him in ſome former occaſions and deſigns which he managed with ſufficient prudence, imagined, that having free acceſs every where, he might

more eaſily make diſcoveries than any other, of what paſt in the world, eſpecially at *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*'s. The Count, who was neither ſatisfied of his diſcretion, nor of the ſafety there was in truſting him, could very hardly reſolve to make uſe of him: But *Mounſieur de la Trimouille* having delivered him from thoſe doubts and ſcruples, in giving him an account of *Maiſiere* hi; conduct, they gave a Page order to look him out, but to do it ſo, that no body ſhould take notice of it, and to bring him into the Count his Chamber.

The Page was not long in doing his duty, but quickly returned; for *Maiſiere* continually earneſt and ſollicitous to be acquainted with the Intrigues and Adventures both of Night and Day, went from one Apartment to another, to hear News, and utter it again when he had done. As he was known to be a great Briber of Servants, there was ſcarce any perſon that had not once, or oftner, received ſomething from him; ſo that *Maiſiere* was not ignorant of any thing that he had a mind to know. The Page having brought him then to the Count *de Dunois* his Lodgings, he was ſurprized

to

to ſee how *Maiſiere* acquitted himſelf, in ſpeaking to him with a certain brisk and aſſured countenance, which he ordinarily affected, and took on him a good manly figure, as the others did. He ſpoke all the fine things in the world in admiration of the Counts civility, who at laſt told him the ſervice that he deſired of him. If it had been permitted me, ſaid *Maiſiere* to him, to enter into this Secret without being called to it, I ſhould have given you ſome inſtructions, which would not have been unprofitable to you. For Sir, continued he, I was with *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon's* Women, when the Mareſchal entertained her: I cannot give you a preciſe account of their converſation, but I know very well that the Princeſs was extreamly ſurprized to find him in that place. I know farther alſo, that ſhe went away very much troubled; and more than all that, I know that the Mareſchal, after he had look'd for the Duke *d' Alenſon* at his own Houſe, he met him in the Kings Antichamber, to whom they both ſpoke: When that diſcourſe was ended, *Mounſieur d' Alenſon* went to *Madamoiſelle's* his Daughter, where he has left behind two Officers, whom I am pretty intimately ac-

quainted with, who have orders to look after her, and not to ſuffer any whoſoever to come into her Apartment: which thing ſurpriz'd me, continued *Maiſiere*, and coming to Madam *de Cominge's* to inform my ſelf whence this ſo ſtrict Guard ſhould proceed, I underſtood that it was an Intrigue of the Mareſchals, who appeared extreamly ſatisfied at it. For my part, I was not ſo for all that, not being able to find you in any of the places where I went, to diſcover the truth of this adventure. I knew not what to think when I met with your Page, who has happily brought me hither: I ſay happily, Sir, for it would be the greateſt advantage that Fortune could procure me, in giving me a life to imploy in your moſt humble Service.

This Relation of *Maiſiere's*, made the Count perceive that *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* was Innocent ſtill; but at the ſame time it confirm'd him in the thought, that the Mareſchal was otherwiſe, and both againſt the Princeſs, and him. *Mounſieur de la Trimouille* could ſcarcely forbear going preſently and quarrel with the Mareſchal, and puniſh him for the afflictions he made them endure; but the ex-

expreſs Commands to the contrary of the Queens, kept him from doing it. The hour was then too late and unſeaſonable for him to diſcover the poſture that things were in. After they had roll'd over a thouſand things in their heads, which thwarted and croſt each other, they thought they could put nothing in execution till the next day. But yet after *Maiſtere* had been ſufficiently recompenced in hand for the ſervice the Count hoped to get from him; he pray'd him only to obſerve what paſſed in the Duke *d' Alenſon*'s Houſe, and what was don: to and with the Princeſs his Daughter, which he promiſed him, and went away at the ſame time to diſcharge himſelf of it.

The Count *de Dunois*, and the Marquiſs *de la Trimouille*, reflecting in their minds whatſoever they had ſeen, and what they had learned, were fully confirmed what Madam *de Cominge* had betrayed *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*, as well as the Count. The jealous ſuſpitions that ſhe fain would have caſt into the Counts head to the diſadvantage of his Princeſs, and all the converſations that he had had with her, did but aſſure him too much

of it. It is eaſie to be imagined, that this thought did furniſh him with a great many others more troubleſome all the reſt of the night; and if it was the cuſtom of our French Heroes to make a great many unprofitable reaſonings and diſcourſes to themſelves, the Count *de Dunois* had matter of reflection ample enough: But having thought fit, with the Marquiſs *de la Trimouille*, that he ought not to take any Reſolutions, but only upon the Orders that he ſhould receive from the Queen, they left one another, to take, if poſſible, a little reſt themſelves. In all probability the Count had not much; for it is to be imagined, that he was ſeeking out the Knot and Myſtery of this Intrigue, but the moment in which he was to find it was not yet come. It was not very long e're the day appear'd, and ſcarce did it afford ſo much light as to direct him, but that *Maiſiere* was knocking at the door of the Counts Antichamber. One of his Servants was laid down there, and thought that *Maiſiere*, as his ordinary cuſtom was, did want a Bed, and was looking one to take an hour or two's ſleep on, not having any one of his own that he was well aſſur'd of. After he

he had ſtood waiting there a pretty while, he opened the door: He ſaid, he would ſpeak with the Count; but it would not be permitted him, not thinking that he had any thing to ſay important enough to trouble the repoſe of the Prince, but he was ſo earneſt and preſſing, that he was forced at laſt to do what he deſired. When he enter'd into the Chamber, and came near the Counts Bed, he told him that the Duke was gone with his Wife, and his Daughter. As he departed from hence, ſaid *Maiſiere*, I went to one of the Gentlemen-Uſhers of Madam the Dutcheſs, who is one of my Friends, and pretending that I ſhould ſtand in need of his kindneſs to let me paſs the reſt of the night with him; the Gates of the Caſtle being ſhut, he told me, that he did not intend to make any uſe of his Bed himſelf, and therefore, with all his heart, he would lend me his Chamber, not only for ſome hours, but till he came back again: I was very ſollicitous with him to tell me where he was going: He anſwered me, that he was waiting upon his Miſtreſs, who was reſoly'd for *Alenſon*: I demanded of him, whether he knew the reaſon of their going thither, but I ſoon per-

perceived they had not acquainted him with it; for there was not any thing that he would keep a ſecret from me. I betook my ſelf to play with him an hour or two, and a Gentleman-Uſher of the Dukes joyn'd in with us, and told us, without any bodies asking him, that the Journey was took only to deprive you of *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*, who, as was ſaid, in all peoples accounts, had a great value and eſteem for you; and becauſe ſhe was deſtin'd for the Duke of *Milan*, it was thought, that removing her from your ſight, you might likewiſe be removed from her affection. News came juſt at this inſtant to theſe Gentlemen, that *Monnſieur d' Alenſon* was ready to come down from his Apartment: I got my ſelf into the Court, where feigning to be light by accident, I came up to him to make him ſee me. You are diligent to be up ſo early, ſaid he to me: It is late for me Sir, anſwered I him, making a very low Honour, for I am not yet laid down; but I may ſay Sir, 'tis extream early for you. It is true, ſaid he to me, walking onward as he ſpoke, but I do take the coolneſs of the night, for I mean to abate and avoid the ſultry heat of the mid-

mid-day. As he ended theſe words, he was got to the place where his Coaches waited him; getting up into his own, he ſaid to me very obligingly, Adieu *Maiſtere*, ſhall not we ſee you at *Alenſon*? if you'll come thither to us, we will make you welcome: I aſſur'd him I would joyfully come, if he was pleas'd to do me the Honour to command it me: I pray do then, ſaid he to me. All the time I was ſpeaking to him, I had my eyes much upon the Princeſs, hers ſeem'd to look languiſhingly towards me, and when ſhe paſt under your Windows, I obſerv'd her, and made her remark it; but ſhe anſwered me with a nod of her head, which I did not look upon as a good Omen. She went into the Coach with *Mounſieur* her Father, and *Madam* her Mother, and I went to take my leave of the Princeſſes Women. I came ſoftly to *Madamoiſelle de Rieux*, who has been my very good Friend a long time; and in ſaluting her, I begg'd of her, that ſhe would ſometimes ſpeak of you to the Princeſs: I ſpoke to her ſo much the more readily, becauſe I knew ſhe intereſſes her ſelf mightily on your behalf, and ſhe has the liberty to ſpeak her thoughts.

thoughts. I durſt not, replied ſhe to me, the Princeſs has too much cauſe to complain of him; for inſtead of being in the Park, he ſpent the Evening with Madam *de Cominge*. Diſabuſe your fair Miſtreſs, anſwered I her, for it was a trick of that Ladies, where *Mounſieur le Count* bore no part. I had much ado to tell her thoſe few words, and ſhould not have done it, had there not been ſomething to ſet to rights about the Coach: when it begun to ſet forwards, I withdrew; and came preſently to give you this advertiſement. This was worſe news to the Count, than if there had been a thouſand Furies and Devils about his ears, particularly when he knew that *Madamoiſelle d'Alenſon* went away with a kind of an incens'd indignation againſt him. He ask'd *Maiſiere* a hundred queſtions, to which he made as good Anſwers as his knowledge would give him leave. He ask'd him, how he had learned that it was an Artifice of Madam *de Cominge's*, and that he had not ſeen the Princeſs. I know nothing of it exactly, anſwered *Maiſiere*, but there is great probability, for the Mareſchal and ſhe have had a long converſation, which made me to apprehend the intelligence

that

that is between them. The Count *de Dunois* ſent to deſire the Marquiſs *de la Trimouille* to come to his Apartment. He was not long before he appear'd, where he did his ordinary office of proving a Conſolator. At laſt, the Count ſaid to him, *I* have no more to fear, ſince Fortune has not more to do againſt me: *I* love my fair Princeſs with all the ardour and tenderneſs wherewith a heart is capable of being filled: ſhe has the goodneſs to aſſure me, that *I* have an advantagious place in hers; *I* ſee again a thouſand Innocent marks of her affection; *I* am protected by the Queen, and all things ſeem to be favourable to my deſires; and yet *I* am the moſt miſerable of all men; all theſe appearances have not promis'd me ſo great bleſſings, but only to make me feel the loſs of them with more ſenſibleneſs; in this proſperous eſtate *I* reſted my ſelf too much upon the happineſs of my deſtiny, and have given mine Enemies a place to eſtabliſh their affairs upon the ruines of my own. Things are yet in a condition, replied the Marquiſs, that does not forbid you to hope; the Queen is for you. Alas! ſaid the Count ſoftly, the Queen is for me, it is true,

true, but my Princeſs it againſt me; ſhe is gone away in ſuch a dangerous diſpoſition, that her anger, or abſence, or forgetfulneſs, which is an infallible conſequence of it, will baniſh me for ever her Breaſt.

*Maiſiere*, for his part, was in a deep muſing all this time that the Count had been ſpeaking; but coming of a ſudden out of his ſerious poſture, Courage, comfort your ſelf, ſaid he to him, it is not ſo difficult as you imagine, to re-eſtabliſh your ſelf in the favour of the Princeſs; *Mounſieur le Duke d' Alenſon* has commanded me in an invitation to come and ſee him at his houſe at *Alenſon*; *I* will not only promiſe you to eſtabliſh a moſt ſafe Commerce between the Princeſs and you, but I will ingage her to give you leave to ſee her, if an occaſion does but preſent it ſelf: Pray, in the mean time, be not you too boiſterous and violent, but repoſe your ſelf on your Love, and my cares to ſerve you, and I warrant I keep you, at leaſt, from being forgot by her; for I will ſpeak of you to her ſo often, as ſhe ſhall have no leiſure to baniſh you from her memory. Though the Count *de Dunois* had his mind filled with

with vexations and inquietudes, yet he conceal'd them all, that he might not afford his Enemies any room to make their advantages by his perplexities and troubles. He appear'd with the King, if not with a brisk, gay, frollick humour, at leaſt with a countenance that ſeemed as if it had nothing that diſturb'd it; and the King ſpoke ſo many obliging things to him that day, that if he had as much pored upon his Fortune, as he did upon his Love, he ought to have been very well ſatisfied. He went alſo to the Queen, who flattered his afflictions with much kindneſs, and good nature, and for ſome time ſuſpended the violence of them. During which, ſhe ſpoke to him of *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*'s departure, and that the Mareſchal began to repent that he had cauſed her Baniſhment: He felt the rigours of that abſence, which already gave him ſo cruel a perſecution, that he was more than one time plotting in his head the means how he ſhould get this Princeſs back again, with the ſame ardour and precipitation, as he had uſed to get her at that diſtance from him: But Madam *de Cominge*, who had as much reaſon to be afraid of her return, as

as the Mareſchal had to deſire it; told him, that it would be a means to make him ſuſpected by ſo ſudden a change; and ſo turn'd him off from thinking any more of it.

This was the time that the Mareſchal confirmed himſelf in the Opinion he had always had, that Love was the Rock of Vertue, and the Enemy of all quiet and repoſe: His memory then furniſhed him with an Idea of all that his unjuſt paſſion made him do againſt his duty; and the pains he felt, began to prove his puniſhment already. Madam *de Cominge* was the only perſon that muſt know the ſecret of his ſtings and remorſes; and though ſhe made uſe of very powerful arguments to recover him, he could not without an extream melancholy, think how he was abſent, how he was plung'd over head and ears in Love, and how he was moſt mortally hated. Whilſt he was ſuffering all his thought to run out upon the reflection of what was paſt, the Count *de Dunois* let all his go upon the foreſight of what was to come: For in the converſation that he had with the Queen, he perſwaded her to make uſe of her Authority, to know from Madam *de Cominge*'s

own mouth the truths that he could not unravel, but very imperfectly, and the certainty whereof imported much to his repoſe, not to look any farther to clear up himſelf thereof. The Queen ask'd him what Intereſt Madam *de Cominge* could have to trouble his paſſion for *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*; which put the Prince into a great confuſion: for though he had a great deſire that the Queen ſhould be informed of the Sentiments that this Lady had for him, yet he would have been very glad, that it ſhould not have been from his mouth, that ſhe ſhould have learned it. Nevertheleſs, not knowing how to do otherwiſe, he told the Queen ſo many doubtful and ſuſpitious things, that at laſt ſhe did underſtand what meaning he was willing that ſhe ſhould put upon them: She promiſed him from that time to ſpeak to Madam *de Cominge*. The Count withdrew into his own Apartment, to give himſelf a little liberty to conſider in what condition his Fortune then was, when an Old Woman came and preſented to him a Letter from *Madamoiſelle de Rieux*. The Prince received it, but it was with a peck of troubles, for he ſhook when he took it, as if he had

had got the Cold Fit of an Ague upon him, imagining that he ſhould find there the confirmation of his diſgrace. After he had opened it, he knew it was written with the Princeſs her own hand, and read it in theſe words.

---

# *Madamoiſelle*'s Letter to the Count *de Dunois*.

*I Go away from the Court without any other regret upon me, than that of having had too great an Eſteem for you: It is inſufferable for Perſons of my Humour to be miſtaken in the like Emergencies; but Repentance purſues the fault ſo cloſe at the heels, that for the future I will have little cauſe to reproach my ſelf.*

POST-

# POSTSCRIPT.

*I Do not make uſe of the way of Madam* de Cominge *to convey to you this Letter, ſhe is too much intereſted to enter into this confidence.*

Having read it ſeveral times over, as to his particular, he ſhewed it to *Mounſieur de la Trimouille*, who counſelled him to inform the Queen of it, that ſo ſhe might make uſe of it, to know of Madam *de Cominge* what was ſo mightily deſired to be learnt. When it was Evening, the Queen having called her into her Cloſet, ſhe was ſcarce able to keep up that aſſurance that was almoſt natural to her: And the Queen ſeeing of her alone with her ſelf, looked upon her with an Air full of Majeſty: I wonder, ſaid ſhe to her, Madam *de Cominge*, that after I have ſo many times diſcovered to you, the deſire I have for the Count *de Dunois* his Marriage with *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*, I wonder, I ſay, that you ſhould be

ſo careful and induſtrious in oppoſing it; for indeed, it is unprofitable for you to think of denying to me a thing that I know for ſuch a certainty: Alſo it is not to inſtruct my ſelf about it, that I have called you here; but to know of you the reaſon that might have obliged you to take upon you the intereſts of the Mareſchal *de Giè*, againſt thoſe of the Count *de Dunois*, being ſo well aſſured that this Conduct was contrary to my intentions. The Queen ſeeing that Madam *de Cominge* gave her no anſwer, and that her confidence began to fail, by the confuſion that appear'd in her face, Your ſilence, continues the Queen, does not ſuffice for the acknowledgment of your fault, I ask a ſincere Declaration of it, if you mean to have my pardon for it; but I declare to you, that if you reſolve not to do what I demand of you, I ſhall without doubt find out ways to make my ſelf be obeyed. Now if the confeſſion of your weakneſs will be a trouble for you to make, that trouble that you will have by it, will cauſe me to excuſe it; I will have compaſſion of it, and only blame what deſerves to be puniſhed. But ſtill, once more, you muſt repair your artifice by

by a ſincerity ſo free and generous, as ſhall perſwade me of your Repentance. Madam *de Cominge* ſeeing that the Queen was reſolved to be obey'd, flung her ſelf at her feet, pour'd out tears innumerable, and appear'd ſo afflicted and ſorrowful, that the Queen was ſo kind as to reſtore her mind to a more quiet frame and temper, in promiſing to pardon her. After which, ſhe gave the Queen an exact Relation of all that had paſſed between the Mareſchal, and her; the Motives that had induced her to take up his Intereſts; the truth of the Aſſignation in the Park, and, in a word, all the ſecret of that Intrigue, and all others. But, ſaid the Queen to her craftily, how would you have me that I ſhall believe you, and that I ſhall commit my ſelf to your Loyalty, ſeeing that in this procedure you have ſo often been defective in it? Ah! Madam, replied Madam *de Cominge*, it ſhall not be difficult for me to juſtifie the truth of my words, divers Letters which I have happily kept, ſhall be the irreproachable Evidences of my ſincerity. The Queen put many queſtions to her, to which ſhe anſwered according to her knowledge; but when ſhe came to demand

mand what ſhe knew of the Negotiation of *Milan*, Madam *de Cominge* aſſur'd her, that ſhe knew no more of it than others did, and that the Mareſchal had never made her enter into the depth of this confidence. It may be, ſaid the Queen, you have not very much preſs'd him to it, for in the intelligence in which you are, 'tis not to be believed, that he ſhould have denied you ſo ſmall a thing, in a time wherein you did ſo much for him. It is true, replied Madam *de Cominge*, I did not much concern my ſelf from whence the trouble came, provided that I had the ſatisfaction to ſtir him up to it. But Madam, I do without any Heſitancy own my Crime, continued ſhe, and am ready to repair it by all the ways it ſhall pleaſe your Majeſty to ordain me. If it be ſo, there is yet a way, replied the Queen, left for you to be re-eſtabliſh'd in my Eſteem; and it is, that after you have done all againſt the Count *de Dunois*, ſo I would have you do all for him; what went formerly for an unworthy Artifice, ſhall now become a commendable Addreſs, when you ſhall act by my Orders, and for Juſtice. I will then, purſued the Queen, that you give into my hands

hands the Letters of the Mareſchal, I will that you indeavour to diſcover the condition that the affair of *Milan* is now in; and I will laſtly, that you do what ever you can to ruine the ſucceſs of it. Madam *de Cominge* fearing nothing ſo much as to be baniſh'd the Court, and loving nothing more than to betray thoſe that were ſo mad to put any truſt and reliance upon her, did eaſily thereupon reſolve to delude *Mounſieur le Mareſchal*, and wholly to betake her ſelf to the Intereſts of the Count *de Dunois*. She did not derogate from her character of Impoſture; and her *Perfidie* only made her change the Object. She then promiſed the Queen to do nothing for the future but by her Commiſſion. And to aſſure her as much as ſhe could beforehand of what ſhe then promiſed her, ſhe did deliver into her hands all the Letters that the Mareſchal had written to her, which clearly diſcovered to her his love for *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*, and aſſur'd her at the ſame time, to ſqueeze out from him ſome more of them that ſhould be more urging, and full of Explication. At laſt the Queen terrified her ſo to the purpoſe, and flattered her alſo with ſo

much prudence, that made her fully determine ſhe would never take any other courſe than this, which ſhe knew, as much as ſhe could do, was the ſafeſt. The Count *de Dunois*, after he had underſtood this change, and knew of Madam *de Cominge* the truth of this adventure, ſacrificed his reſentment to the neceſſity he was in of her, and ſhe promiſed him from that time forward to be of the number of his Friends; but ſhe was not any ſooner in a condition of acting according to her promiſe, but the Mareſchal fell dangerouſly ſick. During the time that *Maiſiere* began to diſpoſe his affairs for his Journey to *Alenſon* (I ſay diſpoſe his affairs) for he had enough to imploy, I do not know how many perſons; he was a Match-maker, and an Accommodater of Differences, he furniſh'd with Menial Servants all thoſe that had any occaſion for them; he was known to the Ladies, and he ſuffered I know not what for them, by a thouſand little ſervices that he did them: and there was ſcarce any news, let it be as private and particular as poſſibly it could be, but what he knew of one of the firſt. Indeed he was ſomething ſingular as to the

man. er

manner of dreſſing himſelf: He did not affect to have his apparel quite different from others, but he ſhifted his Cloaths almoſt every hour in the day; ſometimes like a Citizen, ſometimes like a Cavalier, and always in a Faſhion that was very extravagant and ridiculous. But yet this fantaſtical out-ſide did not keep *Maiſtere* from having a good, ſolid, and piercing Wit, and that was capable to manage any difficult Enterprize: nay, to add to all this, he had a diſcretion that gave him the confidence of all thoſe to whom he was known.

The aſſurance that the Marquiſs *de la Trimouille* gave thereof to the Count *de Dunois*, made him fully reſolve to commit at laſt this ſecret to him, and to ſend him to *Alenſon*, to inſtruct the Princeſs of the condition in which things were then. The Count gave him both Money and Jewels, as well for his own occaſions, as to gain him the perſons he ſtood in need of to accompliſh his deſign. After which he departed for *Alenſon*, where there was need of the like ſuccour, to diſſipate the trouble of a ſolitude that was very diſagreeable. He was received by the Duke and Dutcheſs with a great many

aſſurances of their kindneſs, and much more by *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*, their Daughter. By good hap the intriguing humour of *Maiſiere* was not ſuſpected in this Court, becauſe it was altogether unknown there; and he conceal'd it ſo handſomely, that he did not give the leaſt ſuſpition to any one of the reaſon of his Journey. He thought indeed, that *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* might have an impatient curioſity to know what paſſed at *Amboiſe*, but yet he had a mind that ſhe ſhould deſire it, and only ſaid to *Rieux* therefore, that there had happened a great many accidents ſince the departure of the Princeſs, whereof ſhe would perhaps be glad to be informed. He underſtood by *Rieux*, that her Miſtreſs deſired nothing ſo much in the whole world, as to hear that the Count was Innocent. *Rieux* ſeeming to concern her ſelf in his Intereſts, he did not fail of getting her over abſolutely to him, by preſenting her with a Diamond of no inconſiderable value, as coming from the Prince. She did make a great deal of ſtir to accept of it: But *Maiſiere*, who was very well verſed in the skill of receiving Preſents, without ever putting him ſelf

to

to the blush by it, quickly instructed her to take that without making any scruple, or case of Conscience about it. The desire that the Princess had to hear the news which most affected her, increased every moment, and made her, being one Evening in her Chamber only with *Rieux*: I admire, said she to her, that *Maisiere*, who so often discourses with you, has not told you whether the Commerce between the Count *de Dunois*, and Madam *de Coninge*, is very well established; if they do appear well reconciled, and satisfied, and what the World talks of it: He has not spoke to me a word about it, replied *Rieux*; but on the contrary, he told me, that your departure has caused a general astonishment and consternation in all hearts; and ever since the time that you went away, he has not spoke with the Lady whom you now mentioned to me. It may be, *Madamoiselle*, that if you please to instruct your self about it, he will very gladly satisfie your curiosity: But I do not believe that *Maisiere* will repose any confidence in me, without you give him order for it: I shall then never learn any thing that I would fain know, said the Princess, for I am resolved I will not

not inform my ſelf thereof: It may be, *Madamoiſelle*, interrupted *Rieux*, you may hear of ſuch things, as will by no means any way diſpleaſe you: Well then, ſaid the Princeſs, let him tell me them, without my ever being ſollicitous with him to demand them. It is you, *Madamoiſelle*, replied *Rieux*, that muſt beget the occaſion; for he will not venture to entertain you with it, if you do not in ſome meaſure aſſure him that you deſire it. Heavens! replied the Princeſs, cannot you find any other ways to ſatisfie my curioſity, than by giving me the affliction of making it ſo appear? *Rieux* then perceiving what her Miſtreſs would ſay to her, took upon her to ingage *Maiſiere* to what ſhe ſo deſired of him. But *Maiſiere*, who was concerned to diſcharge himſelf prudently of his Commiſſion, fearing to do otherwiſe than according to the meaſures he had taken, to eſtabliſh an aſſured Commerce between the Princeſs and the Count *de Dunois*, was not over-ſollicitous to be in her company. He took his time one day that the Duke and Dutcheſs his Wife were in a Chamber by themſelves in conference, where they would not have any thing to inter-

rupt

rupt and disturb them; that day then *Madamoiselle d' Alenson* had a mind to take the Air in a very delicate beautiful Garden, that lay in sight of the Castle, with her Women, and *Maisiere*: He insensibly fell into discourse with the Princess, and as she was asking of him how they diverted themselves at *Amboise* since her coming from thence: Those who are afflicted at it, *Madamoiselle*, answered *Maisiere*, have nothing further to make them grieve: And what is called affliction, continued he, is in my Opinion, nothing but the privation of some pleasure; but your absence has banished them all from the Court, and has made all those, who knew the worth of that blessing which they have lost, miserable. I know a certain person who is so sensibly touched at it, that if this absence continues long, you will lose that person for ever.

*Maisiere* then a little while having refrained speaking: And what, *Madamoiselle*, went he on, have you so little compassion of the evils that you are the cause of, that you will not inform your self who those are that undergo them? I did not ask you, replied the Princess, the

names of thoſe who were afflicted at Court, I would only have known how they do divert themſelves there: Very illy, *Madamoiſelle*, replied *Maiſiere* preſently, and *Mounſieur le Count de Dunois* worſe than the reſt of the World, put them all together; not only for that your abſence has made him become melancholy to extremity, but becauſe he has that wretchedneſs of Fortune, as to be out of your Eſteem: Do not interrupt me, *Madamoiſelle*, and pleaſe you, ſaid he to her, but give me your patience to hear what I have to ſay to you; learn, without exaſperating of things, who does wholly deſerve your compaſſion, and who is able to undeceive you of the unjuſt Opinion that you have conceived of the infidelity of *Mounſieur le Count de Dunois*. But not that you ſhould abſolutely give credit to my ſincerity, ſee, if it pleaſe you, in this Letter, the Faith that you may take upon it. The Princeſs would not receive it; but fearing that the reſiſtance ſhe made might be taken notice of by her Women, and that they might ſuſpect *Maiſiere* to be of intelligence with the Count, ſhe ſatisfied her ſelf with the diſcovery whoſe the Characters were, by

the

the Superſcription, and permitted *Maiſiere* to convey it into the hands of *Rieux*. After that he told *Mademoiſelle d' Alenſon* the confeſſion that Madam *de Cominge* had made to the Queen of her perfidiouſneſs, the truth of the falſe Aſſignation of the Park, and generally all that ſhe was ignorant of, ſince the return of the King, even to the Mareſchal his falling ſick. *Maiſiere* eaſily perceived that this Relation was not diſpleaſing to the Princeſs, who not abſolutely relying upon his Loyalty, was a little angry at him that he had charged himſelf with this Commiſſion, and forbid him, although very coldly, not to take upon him any more the like for the future. I will do more, replied *Maiſiere*, for if you command it me, I will never ſpeak again of it in my life to you. I do not not ſay ſo, anſwered the Princeſs; but ——— as they were there, *Mounſieur* and Madam *d' Alenſon* came ſo near the place where *Mademoiſelle d' Alenſon* was, that they were forced of neceſſity to break off the diſcourſe, although it was extreamly agreeable and pleaſing to her. The Duke having demanded of *Maiſiere* what he had been entertaining the Princeſs with;

he answered him, that he was telling of her a very pleasant story which happen'd to him not long since. The Duke, and the Dutchess, desir'd him to begin it again, which he did without any kind of Hesitation; as Humming and Haughing, wringing of the Nose, and Spitting, and God knows what of that nature, which is the usual Ceremony that Ushers in such an Entertainment, but with a brisk and confident assurance he thus fram'd his discourse.

THE

# THE HISTORY OF THE *Viſionary Ladies.*

THe Adventure whereof I will take upon me to be the Heroe, will appear to you, without doubt, very fantaſtical; and ſo I may aſſure you, that this moſt infinitely is. I parted from *Amboiſe*, together with the King, when he ſet out for *Italy*, not ſo much with a deſign to fight, as to make a pleaſant Journey of it. I remained ſick at *Turin*, where I was a long time without ever ſtirring out of my Chamber. The Count *de Santiniany* was ſo kind as to viſit me in my ſickneſs; I had the Honour to be known to him in *France*, where I made it my buſineſs to acquaint him with a thouſand things that a Perſon of Quality is glad to hear of in a ſtrange Court: When I was perfectly well, he would not give me leave to go ſo ſoon from *Turin*; and that the

ſtay

ſtay ſhould not be incommodious to me there, he gave me a Lodging in his own Houſe, and made me acquainted with all the Court of *Savoy*; where, 'tis certain, that in a ſhort time I was as knowing as in this. I accompanied him to a great many Ladies houſes of High Quality and Merit, where there happen'd to me nothing remarkable; but being gone to viſit the Counteſs *de Bevilaqua*, I was ſurprized to ſee in her ſo many extraordinary rare and tranſcendent Qualities; for ſhe had not only a Natural brisk Wit, but it was improv'd beyond all things that ever was ſeen in her Sex, and ſhe made a Judgment of all fine things that was the moſt exquiſite in the World, all that ever ſhe ſpake came freely from her, and had an admirable Grace with it, that pleaſed infinitely: She was extreamly neat and exact in her Houſe, and her Cloaths; and as for her perſon, though it was a little ſuperannuated, yet it had not left off being very agreeable and taking. I obſerved alſo in her one Beauty, that is very rarely ſeen with ſo many years, it was her Hair, whereof ſhe had a moſt prodigious quantity of the pureſt Flaxen colour that ever was beheld.

held. I look'd upon this Lady with admiration, and never thought I had ſeen any in my life whoſe Merit was more accompliſhed. I did continue almoſt two hours in this Opinion, and in all probability had done ſo ſtill, if the Count *de Santiniany*, who knew her weakneſs, and had a deſire to mind her of the time of the death of one of her Brothers, had not ſaid to her, that it was a few days, either before, or after the death of *Mounſieur de Bronzoly*. Ah! *Mounſieur*, cryed the Counteſs up aloud, do you live too in ſuch a grand ignorance, to believe that *Mounſieur de Bronzoly* is dead? No, no Sir, do not you injure the moſt accompliſhed of all men, to ſubject him to that rigorous term of life. When the Gods, to puniſh Mortals, had a mind to deprive the World of that Adorable Perſon, that was the ſecond half of me, they placed him in the number of the Demi-gods; and as he was all Spirit, they did Emancipate him from thoſe ſevere and binding Laws that Nature laid as a Fine upon all men in general. He was taken up to Heaven, where he remains ever ſince that he inhabited no more amongſt us. This Opinion, ſaid ſhe, in turning her ſelf towards

wards me, may appear to you a little Chymerical; (Yes, thought *I* to my ſelf, and ſo I may very well, and you too for conceiving it) but I am convinced of this Truth by Experiences that are not to be conteſted: For the ſhort time that you tarry here, I will make you to come over on my ſide in it. To that end, ſaid ſhe, it is requiſite that I ſend to know, if he has not writ to me, in a place where ſometimes he conveys his Letters for me. To conclude, ſhe ſent one of her Footmen to look for a Letter from her Imaginary Gallant; after which, ſhe began the converſation without any digreſſion: I only perceived a little conſtraint upon her, but ſhe quickly relieved her ſelf from it, in diſmiſſing a Gentleman we found with her. *Mounſieur Hippolite*, ſaid ſhe to him, I pray leave me a moment in liberty, cannot you imagine that it is a torment to a body to be continually peſter'd with one and the ſame thing. *Hippolite* went his way, and the Counteſs *de Bevilaqua* reſumed her temper. She told us a ſtory of a certain Lady of her Country, and promiſed me to inform me ſtill of divers other things, which I ought not to be ignorant of in returning to *France*, deſiring

desiring me very earnestly to come and see her again. I went away with the Count *de Santinsany*, and assured the Countess, that I would give my self the Honour of seeing her as often as I thought I should not be troublesome to her.

When I was in a place where I could be over heard by none but the Count, I inquired who this deceased *Mounsieur de Branzoly* was: He told me, it was a Man, whose Merit and Wit had been so considerable, that for all that he was but of an obsure and mean Extraction, yet he was extreamly beloved by most of the Ladies of Quality, and Condition. He was always received with a great deal of satisfaction, by all in general; but to speak the truth of it, said he, the Countess had still a more fervent esteem for him than the others: She imagined that this man, who had a greater share of Wit than of Body, ought not to die, and submit to that cruel necessity: But, said I to him, is it possible? Has she no Friends that are capable to disabuse her of an Errour that is at such a distance from any reason in the World? There is none living, replied the Count, is able to work

out

out of her Imagination that fooliſh and idle fancy of *Bronzoly*'s Immortality. Not long after, I deſir'd the Count to tell me who and what that *Mounſieur Hippolite* was: He is, replied he, a man whom the Counteſs has Eſpouſed by Compaſſion, becauſe his Fortune has been niggardly, and done nothing for him. This tender pity, ſaid I to him, methinks is a little diminiſhed; for it appears to me, that ſhe neither treats him like a Husband, nor like a Friend; and much leſs like a man for whom ſhe has the leaſt eſteem: She loves him never the leſs, replied the Count; but ſhe does not forbear chearing up her heart ſometimes from this neceſſary ingagement by ſome ſlight kindneſſes, it being certain that ſhe has an inclination for Love, which ſhe cannot overcome either by the reflexion of her Age; or of that decency which would become her. I reſolved to my ſelf, to lay Siege to the Counteſs her heart, and try if I could make her be in Love with me: I hoped much from my odd kind of extravagant way with me; I eaſily thought that that would be more proper to get me into her good favours, than to go after a formal and ſtarched manner.

manner. The next day I went again to her Houſe, I found her alone, I caſt ſome languiſhing eyes upon her, and ſometimes I ſigh'd *A la Francois*, which pleas'd her infinitely; and that day ſhe told me, that ſhe was mad that ſhe had any ingagement upon her of obligation to *Mounſieur Hippolite*; and that next to *Mounſieur de Bronzoly*, *I* was the man in the World for whom ſhe had the greateſt inclination.

Not to leave me any room to queſtion it, ſhe gave me her Picture, in a Caſe beſet with very rich Diamonds. *Mounſieur Hippolite* juſt then came into the Room, I was not very much pleas'd at it, and the Counteſs was yet leſs: ſhe ſadly fell out with him for being come ſo early; but he went no more out all that day. The converſation began to grow a little flat, and groveling, when there came a Page to her from Madam *de Raviary*, to give her ſervice to the Counteſs. She received the civility with a Complement of the like nature: but when the Page was gone, ſhe told me, that although ſhe dwelt in a quarter of *Turin*, where there were the chiefeſt of the Ladies of Quality, yet ſhe was ſo unhappy, as to have them

them unſociable, being perſons that had Imaginary Viſions that made them forbear either making any Viſits themſelves, or receiving any from others. *I* was a little ſurprized to hear the Counteſs begin to talk of the *Chimera's* and Viſions of others, having her ſelf of them ſuch extravagant ones: but not reckoning upon her own as any thing, ſhe told me, that the Lady whoſe Page *I* had ſeen, would not ſee any perſon, becauſe it was a very hard matter to have any diſcourſe from them, but the word Love would be jugled in at ſome part or other of the converſation, and that word was inſupportable to her; and if any one deſir'd of her the reaſon, ſhe could give no other, but that it did not come cloſe enough to the Fancy. There is another among us, continued the Counteſs, in whoſe preſence it is not permitted to ſpeak of Death. She has had heretofore ſome Friends, who have been dead above theſe twenty years, to whom ſhe ſends conſtantly every day to hear how they do, becauſe that no body has preſum'd to tell her that they are dead: But the greateſt Rarity of them all, went the Counteſs on, is one that lives cloſe by me,

me, who ſees the Light but two or three times in a year: She complains, that the Light makes her troubled with the Rheum, and ſhe is ſo afraid of that Diſtemper, that ſhe will not look upon a Book to read in it, becauſe ſhe ſays, that in turning over the Leafs of it, it cauſes ſo ſharp a wind, that it makes her Eyes ſore again with it. Few perſons can get a ſight of her; for except ſome Abbots, and two or three of the ſowr-lookt Fryars, all perſons are forbid the leaſt acceſs to her. I found that theſe Ladies were very great Fools, and withal, that they were miſerable, in having ſuch whimſical and troubleſome Imaginations. She that could not indure to hear the word Love, ſeem'd to me more unreaſonable than any of the reſt, and I had a great ſuſpition upon me, that ſhe had had ſome ſlippery trick plaid her; but the Counteſs aſſur'd me, that ſhe never had made any tryal either of the ſweetneſs or bitterneſs of it, but ſhe had always liv'd ſo ſeverely with her ſelf, and with her acquaintance, that few Women courted her Friendſhip, becauſe ſhe ſtill did ſubject them to ſo great a conſtraint. I pittied much the Lady that was ſo exceeding fearful of Death, becauſe

cauſe there is nothing ſo common and ſure; I pittied her ſo much the more, becauſe only admitting her this frailty, ſhe was look'd upon as one that had a ſtrange deal of Wit, and Merit. As for the dark and obſcure Lady, I found her ſo ſingular, that ſhe pleas'd me wonderfully. I was extreamly glad Sir, of finding any perſons in the world, of whom I might ſay without vanity, that they were leſs reaſonable than my ſelf; and at that time I made Lectures of Wiſdom over the folly of others.

When Night came, I would have been going, but the Counteſs deſir'd me to tarry a little longer, and ſup with her: I received a thouſand aſſurances of her good will, and *Mounſieur Hippolite* many ſigns of her averſion, which ſenſibly touched him: I was the Innocent cauſe of it, but I did not perceive that he deſign'd me any miſchief for it: But on the contrary, he went that Evening along with me to the Count *de Santiniany*'s. As we walk'd along, he made me great proteſtations of friendſhip and kindneſs, which yet I did not give much credit to, but only ſo far as duty obliged me to receive them civilly; and as I did value my

ſelf

ſelf much upon the honour that I receiyed from Madam the Counteſs *de Bevilaqua*, he was craftily deſigning in his head to ruine me by his miſchievous Politicks. I would fain have waited on him home to his houſe, and had done it, but that I perceived the Ceremony would never have been ended. We parted both of us, being well ſatisfied. *Mounſieur de Santiniany* commanded me to give an accompt of my Journey, but conſidering that it is dangerous, and but little honeſt, to make a Confident of a Perſon of that Quality, I only acquainted him with what I might tell him without a forfeiture of my diſcretion: The Hiſtory of the three Viſionary Ladies was of great ſuccour to me, to make him believe, that it was the greateſt part of our Entertainment.

He told me a great many more circumſtances, which I did not give much heed to: For although I was not deeply in Love with the Counteſs, yet I did glory much in being beloved by a Woman of that Quality. But yet when I began to think how ſhe was in Love with a Dead Man, and had Married another even through pity, I judg'd (and I thought I had

had a great deal of reaſon ſo to do) that my good Fortune would not be of a long continuance. I received a Letter from her the next Morning by break of day, in which ſhe invited me to go and ſpend a day in the Country with her: I was to wait upon her pretty early, and was afraid that ſhe had ſtaid for me; but I found her ſo taken up, as if ſhe had never thought of her deſign for the Country. I was never ſo ſurprized as I was then when I came into her Chamber, for I ſaw there a Woman who was cutting off the Counteſſes hair with the greateſt inhumanity in the world: *I* beg your pardon, ſaid the Counteſs to me, for being ſeen by you in this poſture; but *Mounſieur de Bronzoly* has ſent me word this Morning by this Woman, that he deſir'd me by that paſſion he had for me, to give him my Hair. I am overjoyed, purſued ſhe, that he has requir'd of me this mark of kindneſs, ſince it is impoſſible that I can give him a greater, having always had a great eſteem for this Ornament. I would fain have obliged her to content her ſelf with cutting off ſome part of it, but the cruel *Lucia* (for ſo was that She-barber called) maintain'd to my face with

with a confidence that cannot be conceiv-ved, that it was *Mounſieur de Bronzoly* his moſt earneſt requeſt to Madam the Counteſs, not to leave any on. This good Lady was vexed at heart that ſhe had ſo little, although there was ſcarce ever before ſeen a Head ſo well furniſhed as hers was with it. She tyed it up with a Flame-colour'd Ribbon, and put it in a Box of Vermilion guilt. After ſhe had done ſo, without giving this dangerous perſon time to put on her things again which belonged to her Head: Go, ſaid ſhe to her, and carry this Box to *Mounſieur de Bronzoly*; tell him, that I ſacrifice to him, without any regret, the only advantage which my years have left me. The more I condemn'd her earneſtneſs in granting her Hair to be cut off, the more did ſhe applaud her ſelf, that ſhe had ſuffer'd it, and I perceiv'd that it was not ſafe to contradict her: She put off to the next day her deſign of going into the Country, which ſhe could not execute then. I was with her at the hour appointed, and found her Head ſo neat and exact with her bak'd hair, as if I had ſtill ſeen her own on. We went up into the Coach with *Mounſieur Hippolite*, who

who would be one, though the Countess could have said something to him to have prevented it.

As we passed along the Great Street of the Palace, she perceived a great Stranger, who was mighty earnestly looking upon the Structure of it. She made the Coach to stop: *Mounsieur Hippolite*, said she to him, do you see that man there, in such and such Cloaths, (giving him a description of them) who is just by that Fountain, *I* pray ask him, if he will not came and walk with us: *I* demanded of her whether she knew him; No, replied she, but *I* see that by the posture he is in, he wants some divertisement. *In* vain would *Mounsieur Hippolite* have shifted himself of it, and endeavoured to disswade her from it: but all the Arguments he could think on were to as little purpose, as if he had sav'd himself the pains to pump for them: She would have gone down her self to have discharged her Commission, if *I* had not made a Sign to *Mounsieur Hippolite* to spare the Countess that labour. He went to find the Stranger, to whom he made the greatest complement that could be imagined; but the *German* did answer him

no

no other ways than by his profound Reverences, not having underſtood ſo much as a word of what *Hippolite* had ſpoken to him, nor of the Signs he had made to oblige him to come up to the Counteſſes Coach: which was not very difficult to be obſerved by their poſtures and Grimaces. The Counteſs ſeeing ſhe was not like to have the *German*, reſolved to gain ſomething by the humour, and got away from *Mounſieur Hippolite*, commanding her Coachman to drive on with all the ſpeed he poſſibly could, ſo that *Hippolite* ſhould not be capable of getting to the Coach. If this proceeding of hers did not very much pleaſe him, it did extreamly divert the Counteſs: I never thought ſhe had been of ſuch a pleaſant humour as I found her that day. We went to one of thoſe delicate places, which in that Country they call *Vignes*, and we were very well received there. There wanted nothing that was poſſible to make a day paſs away pleaſantly. The Counteſs deſired me to give her a Ring I had upon my Finger, and ſhe gave me another of a much greater valùe, which ſhe commanded me to wear as long as I lived. When we came back to her houſe,

we found *Mounſieur Hippolite*, who appear'd very much inraged at me; but the Counteſs would not have troubled her ſelf with taking notice of it, had not I cauſed her to obſerve it. I left her at liberty to receive the reproaches of *Mounſieur Hippolite*: The Count *de Santiniany*, who began to ſuſpect that the Counteſs had ſome kindneſs for me, was very earneſt with me to confeſs it to him; the Ring that ſhe had given me, and which he had perceived at Supper, through my negligence, changed his diffidence into a certainty: He aſſur'd me that he was very glad that I had ſuch a pleaſant reaſon to ſtay me at *Turin*; but he adverti ſed me, that the paſſions of that *Lady* were violent, but like a furious Tempeſt, did not laſt long. I ſaw her every day, but found not the leaſt alteration in her humour, and I thought ſhe had quite forgot the *Image* of the Demi-god, when it came into her head on a ſudden, in the moſt extraordinary manner in the world. I was leading of her to one of her Friends who lodged hard by her, and all of a ſudden ſhe would have left me, to run after a man who was going a great pace before us. By good hap I did not let her

go

goſo; for every ſtep ſhe took ſhe ſtag-ger'd, and would have certainly fell, had not *I* aſſiſted her as ſhe went along. Not being able to overtake this man, ſhe call'd out to him, and deſir'd him to let her ſpeak to him, which preſently he did with a great deal of civility: Judge, and pleaſe you Sir, of my aſtoniſhment, when *I* ſaw the Counteſs imbracing him with a tenderneſs that is impoſſible for me to expreſs. Ah! my dear *Bronzoly*, ſaid ſhe to him, how overjoyed am *I* to ſee you again! and what is the reaſon you have ſo long deprived me of your ſight? And afterwards, turning her ſelf towards me, Had not *I* reaſon, continued ſhe, to aſſure you that *Bronzoly* was not dead? Dead perſons have not a complexion ſo freſh, nor eyes ſo ſprightly and vigorous. He to whom theſe indearing expreſſions and Careſſes were addreſſed, underſtood not a ſyllable of all this, nor did he receive them as the Counteſs would have had him: To ſpeak the truth of it, he was in ſome confuſion that he reſembled this perſon in publick, but he aſſur'd the Counteſs that ſhe was miſtaken. She affirmed that he was *Monſieur de Bronzoly*, and this conteſtation began to be ſo hot

and fierce, that it put the Counteſs into a wonderful rage. See, ſaid ſhe to me, this ungrateful perſon, who would withdraw himſelf from the acknowledgment he owes me, for the laſt aſſurances of my eſteem for him: The hair that he wears upon his head, was it not the faireſt Ornament of mine? *In* good earneſt, Madam, ſaid the poor man to her, *I* am not ungrateful of your favours, for *I* never have had the honour to receive any from you: this hair which *I* wear, *I* have very honeſtly paid for, but *I* will give it you with all my heart; therefore let me beſeech you to permit me to go where my buſineſs calls me. *I* knockt at the Door of a houſe, where *I* cauſed the Actors of this Comedy to go in, being deſirous to deprive the multitude of this divertiſement; but ſhe kept this pretended *Bronzoly* priſoner for at leaſt a whole hour. During which time, *I* obſerv'd that the hair of his Perruque was of the colour of that which the Counteſs had cauſed to be cut off, and *I* thought it was impoſſible that it ſhould not be the ſame, but that *Lucia* had ſold it to him. *I* came up to him, under pretence to make him confeſs that he was the Demi-

go

god that the Counteſs look'd for: *I* deſired him by all the Loves in the world, to tell me of whom he had bought his Perruque: He told me without any Ceremonies, that it was of ſuch a one whom he did name to me, and gave me the place where he dwelt. *I* told him in a few words the weakneſs of the Lady, and *I* adviſed him to fain himſelf to be *Bronzoly*, ſince ſhe did deſire it; and that it was the only means, as *I* ſaw, to reinſtate him in his liberty: But yet he did not quickly obtain it, for he was forced to ſubmit to a thouſand imbraces, and ſwear as often by Heaven, and all the Powers that are there, that he would preſerve for her an inviolable fidelity: She gave him a Watch of a conſiderable value, to take notice of the hours of his abſence: He aſſur'd her, that he would give himſelf the Honour to ſee her every day; and ſo at laſt was delivered from his Captivity, after he had promiſed to me his Friendſhip, of which ſhe told him *I* was not unworthy. Madam *de Bevilaqua* returned to her own houſe, where *I* left her with her head brimfull of *Mounſieur de Bronzoly*.

*I* heard that ſhe had ſent to all her Ac-

quaintance the news of his Arrival, and that ſhe had promiſed them to bring him to their houſes the next day. *In* the mean time *I* learn'd, that the Woman had ſold her Miſtreſſes hair to that man whom the falſe *Bronzoly* had named to me. *I* was reſolv'd to reproach her for her malice, which ſhe took with ſo many ſigns of Repentance, that I promis'd her not to ſpeak any farther of it. I was the greateſt Perſon in the Houſe, having gain'd to me the Servants; and if any would have got any thing from the Counteſs, it was always from my Oratory and ſollicitation. The Preſents I received were ſo frequent, that I might ſay, ſhe loaded me with them; for there did not ſlip a day wherein ſhe did not make me ſome conſiderable ones. *Lucia* was afraid that I would reveal the ſecret of the Hair: *Hippolite* could not, without a deadly affliction, ſee me ſo high in the eſteem of his Wife, and both of them hated me alike mortally, which ſet them a plotting how to ruine me in the heart of the Counteſs; but they were both of one mind as to this, that it was indiſpenſably neceſſary to hook *Mounſieur de Bronzoly* into their deſign, and to make him ſerve as a pre-

tence

tence to the deſtroying of our Friendſhip. That they might happily ſucceed, the perfidious *Lucia* enter'd one day almoſt frighten'd out of her Wits into her Meſtreſſes Chamber, and told her, that ſhe came from having the greateſt fear upon her as ever ſhe had in her life; that ſhe had met *Mounſieur de Bronzoly*, who was coming to viſit her, that I had forced him to draw his Sword out, and that I ran at him with ſuch a violence, that if there had not come a Miracle from Heaven to his ſuccour, he would without all peradventure have been killed in this Incounter.

The Counteſs clearly ſwooned away at this diſcourſe of *Lucia*'s, and by accident the Count *de Santiniany* and I came in, whilſt they were taken up in getting her to come to her ſelf. As I had the freedom to go to her houſe at what hours I would, I performed the duties of the houſe to *Mounſieur le Count de Santiniany*, and we entered into her Chamber as ſhe began to be pretty well. I was very buſie to render her ſome ſervice, but ſhe rudely thruſt me from her, and looked upon me with eyes ſo full of fury and indignation, that I was ſurprized at it. I

demanded of *Lucia* the reaſon of it, who condemned me for the aſtoniſhment I appeared to be in at the alienation of her Miſtreſſes mind: She imagined that you were about to Aſſaſinate *Mounſieur de Bronzoly*, ſhe would have me affirm that I was preſent at it; and this melancholy Fancy paſſes ſo currantly for a truth in her Opinion, that you will find it a hard matter to diſabuſe her of it. The while I was ſpeaking to this Woman, the Counteſs recovered again her ſtrength, and her ſpeech. Ah! Perfidious Wretch as you are, ſaid ſhe to me, have I had ſo great a kindneſs for you then, as to ſee my ſelf wounded in the moſt ſenſible place of my heart, to ſet upon *Mounſieur de Bronzoly* as he was coming to ſee me, to draw upon him, and to force Heaven to work a Miracle to reſcue him from your fury: Oh baſeneſs! is it thus that you have received the obliging offers that he made you of his particular Friendſhip? Go, ungrateful man, you are unworthy that he ever ſhould give it you again, or that I ſhould conſerve that kindneſs for you, which I did honour you withal; go, withdraw, and deliver your ſelf, if you can, from my juſt vengeance, and never

offer

offer more to appear in my ſight. The exceſs of her choller had almoſt ſuffocated the Counteſs, and they were fain to have recourſe to their Remedies to fetch her to life again. *Mounſieur* the Count adviſed me to retire, but I was of Opinion that I ought to make ſome diſcoveries of my *Innocence* to a perſon from whom I had received ſuch ſignal inſtances of affection and kindneſs, though I knew very well, I ſhould expoſe my ſelf by it to the greateſt outrages that it was poſſible for her fury to inſpire her with. She came to her ſelf the ſecond time, and was more inraged, by far, than ſhe was before: And what, cry'd ſhe, as ſhe ſaw me, will you take away my life from me, after that you had a mind to rob me of that which only can make me to love it: I went near her to begin my Juſtification; and without ever conſidering that at that time ſhe was uncapable of reaſon, I told her all that was poſſible for me to diſſwade her from that Opinion, but nothing would do to prove my *Innocence* to her; my ſight exaſperated her, my diſcourſe invigorated her reſentment; ſo that I was forced to give over, and let the ſtorm hold, till it grew calm of it

ſelf. *Mounſieur* the Count told me, that ſhe oft-times laid the Foundation of great kindneſſes and Friendſhip, which ſtill broke off all to pieces by her violent choller and paſſion, and that I was a happy man to come off ſo well and cheap. *Mounſieur Hippolite*, and the crafty *Lucia* told me, as I was going away, that this impreſſion was like eternally to abide upon her ſpirit; and that when once her Fancy was ſtrongly prepoſſeſs'd, it was impoſſible to be changed. Gratitude did work upon me the effect of Love: I was extream melancholy ſo to be ſeparated from a perſon to whom I was really ſo much obliged; and without ever quarrelling at the ſtrangeneſs of her humour, I every now and then accuſed my ſelf as guilty, at-leaſt in not having diſcreetly enough managed her frailty. I retired with the Count *de Santiniany*, and all night made a thouſand reflections upon the odneſs and extravagancy of this adventure. In vain did I write ſoft and amorous Letters, in vain did I find my ſelf at the places of Devotion, where *I* thought to have had a ſight of the Counteſs: *Mounſieur Hippolite*, and *Lucia*, had ſo ſtrongly prepoſſeſt her mind to my diſ-

advantage,

advantage, that I could never meet her more in any place. I learned from one of the Servants of the Countess, all this whole intrigue which *Mounsieur Hippolite* and *Lucia* made use of to destroy me in her favour: But seeing I had nothing to reproach me upon the account of ingratitude, I took order for my departure: and after I had taken leave of *Mounsieur le Duke de Savoy*, and of those persons to whom I had the honour to be known, I parted from *Turin*, and came back to *Amboise*, where I arrived in a short time after the King.

*Maistre* having thus concluded his discourse, *Mounsieur d' Alenson*, and *Madam* his Wife assur'd him, that the History had extreamly diverted them. As it grew to be somewhat late, they retired to the Castle, where they were no sooner come, but news was brought, that a Courrier demanded to present to *Mounsieu le Duc* some Letters coming from the Mareschal *de Gie*. The time he took up in reading of them, *Madamoiselle d' Alenson* went to her Apartment, where she desired to be alone, to read the Letter that the Count

*de*

*de Dunois* had written to her, and ſent by *Maiſiere*; and which he had put, by her order, into the hands of *Rieux*: if it did not contain theſe very words, I am ſure it did not much vary from them.

---

# The Letter of the Count *de Dunois* to *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon.*

I *Muſt acknowledge*, Madamoiſelle, *that your Eſteem and Friendſhip is ſo highly valuable, that I ought not to pretend to Merit it; and that my Enemies have reaſon to envy it me, but you are juſt to have given ſome belief to their Artifices. I might have been deceived with them as well as you, if my Love and my Reſpect had not defended you againſt all probabilities. Let me com-*

*plain*

*plain then of the easiness with which you have condemned me without giving me leave to plead for my self: not but that I am assured I could justifie my self; but, alas!* Madamoiselle, *who will assure me that absence has not banished me from your heart? It produces in me such cruel effects, as that the consequence of it will, I fear, prove fatal to me, if you at least are not so merciful, as to assure me that you are concerned at the affliction it causes to me. I have intrusted this Letter with* Maisiere, *under very powerful assurances of his Fidelity, and it is from him,* Madamoiselle, *that I beg of you by all that you count dear in the World, to learn that which may justifie me, and give me a place again in your favours.*

What *Maisiere* had told the Princess, had begun already to disabuse her, and the Letter of the Counts did compleatly re-establish the former affection in her Breast.

Breaſt. But ſhe did only change her torment; for the rigours of abſence took up the place of her Jealouſies and Diſquiets, which had moſt ſadly handled her ever ſince that ſhe had ſuſpected the Count *de Dunois* of infidelity. Her curioſity to know what the Mareſchal had ſent to the Duke her Father, made her quickly return to her Mother, who had a moſt tender love for her: This good Lady told her, that the Count *de Dunois* was out of favour, for having challenged the Mareſchal *de Gié* in the Anti chamber of the King, that the Queen uſed all her endeavours for the re-eſtabliſhment of that Prince, and that he was retired to his Lands in *Normandy*, till ſuch time as it was allowed him to return. The retreat of the Count *de Dunois*, added the Dutcheſs, gives the Duke a great miſtruſt, that he will ſome way or other endeavour to ſee you, or lay the Foundation of ſome correſpondence with you. As to the Treaty of *Milan*, purſued Madam *d'Alenſon*, the Mareſchal promiſes that it will be concluded within a Month at fartheſt. The Princeſs was much ſurprized to hear the Count was out of favour, but ſhe could not but rejoyce to know that he

was

was in a place which made him be ſtill the more ſuſpected. Moreover, ſhe had the pleaſure of ſeeing that *Madam* her Mother was in the ſame apprehenſions with her, that her Marriage with the Duke of *Milan* would ſucceed: So that the Princeſs watching her time to make a compleat Conqueſt over her heart, told her all that her reſpect and her affection could inſpire her with, in proteſting to her, that ſhe ſhould die with grief, if ſhe was taken out of her ſight but for one day.

The tender-hearted Lady could not anſwer this diſcourſe of hers, ſhe was in ſuch a Flood of tears at it; which furniſhed the Princeſs with an occaſion of telling her ſuch things that her Modeſty and fearfulneſs always had made her keep ſecret and private. The Confeſſion ſhe made to her Mother of the Eſteem ſhe had for the Prince *de Dunois*, did not ſurprize her ſo much as the audacious confidence of the Mareſchal, that he ſhould have dared to declare unto her his paſſion. She blamed her Daughter for not having complained of it; but ſhe did excuſe her ſelf as well as ſhe could, in telling her, that her Father was too much incenſed,

to

to be capable of hearing any Reaſon which might be to her Juſtification: Madam *d' Alenſon* promiſed her to acquaint him of it, and that far from oppoſing the affection that ſhe bore to that Prince, ſhe would defend it for the future. The Princeſs did not neverthele's think it her Duty to declare the true cauſe of the ſtay that *Maiſiere* made at *Alenſon*; but it was well enough for that time, that ſhe had brought her Mother to that point which ſhe had ſo long deſired to do. And from that time *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* reaſſumed her natural briskneſs, and pleaſant humour: Theſe happy fore intelligences re-eſtabliſht in her heart the tranquility and chearfulneſs that her Jealouſie had baniſhed from her ever ſince her departure from *Amboiſe*. During that time in which *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* informed her ſelf of the Exile of the Count, *Maiſiere* on his part, received his news by an intelligence that he had in Town. He told this expert Agent, that he was in one of his Farms, not diſtant from thence above two hours riding, and ordered him to go to him, and take all poſſible care, not to give any cauſe of ſuſpition that his abſence

abſence might peradventure beget in the Dukes head, who of himſelf was very miſtruſtful. He received alſo a Letter for *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*, in which the Count confirmed to her the aſſurances of his Love, and deſired her through pity to give him one teſtimony of her affection to comfort him in his abſence, not doubting but that ſhe was recovered from the ſuſpitions that ſhe had taken up of his Fidelity. The Princeſs could ſcarcely reſolve with her ſelf to make him an anſwer; but at laſt ſhe writ this.

---

THE

# The Letter of *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* to the Count *de Dunois.*

*I Have always ſtudied to love you Innocent, and I could never hate you, though I thought you were guilty: Therefore you may imagine, that I eaſily credited what* Maiſiere *told me for your juſtification. I do repent then of my unjuſt doubts; and if that is not ſufficient to ſatisfie you, I permit you to hope, that I will very highly prize the troubles which they have made you ſuffer.*

*Maiſiere* was very much ſatisfied that he had got ſuch a happy effect in his Negotiation; and without ever attributing the ſucceſs of it unto Love, he gave to himſelf all the glory of it. *Madamoiſelle d' A-*

*d' Alenſon* told him, that he might aſſure the Count; that *Madam* the Dutcheſs would not be any longer his Enemy in it, but that ſhe began to act mighty ſtrongly in his favour. The Princeſs then demanded of him how he meant to carry it, that ſo his Journey ſhould not be ſuſpected; but *Maiſiere* referred it to her prudence, to inſtruct him in the manner of his Conduct. He departed the ſame day to find out the Count *de Dunois*, from whom he received a thouſand manifeſtations of kindneſs and affection; and *Maiſiere*, to make himſelf deſerve them, preſented him with *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*'s Letter. He could with much ado allow the Prince a liberty to read it: You ſee Sir, ſaid he to him, that the Princeſs is happily delivered from her Errour: It ought to ſuffice you, that there is not the leaſt impreſſion of it left in her mind; and without entering into the particulars of the manner, which I took to diſabuſe her, or trifle away this precious time in unprofitable diſcourſes, pray be pleaſed to inſtruct me in the occaſion of your retreat from Court, and of your controverſie with the Mareſchal *de Gié*. Before *I* enter into this Relation, anſwered

anſwered the Prince, you muſt tell me ſomewhat from the Princeſs, what are her Sentiments for me, and whether I ought not to hope that *I* may ſee her during this her Exile, and mine; if it be permitted me, anſwered *Maiſtere*, to judge of her heart by appearances, you have a great deal of reaſon to be ſatisfied in it, and I do not think that the hope of ſeeing her ſhould be forbidden you, but in like manner, I do not think that you ought to lay much ſtreſs upon a hope that is ſo doubtful. The Princeſs poſſibly may not be againſt it in her mind, but in all likelihood ſhe will not conſent to a ſecret interview; and it muſt be from ſome accident, or from ſome unthought-of hazard that you ought to expect this good Fortune: but to get it you, I ſhall be ready to contribute all my care and prudence. But Sir, becauſe *I* have but a ſhort time to tarry with you, pray be pleaſed to tell me what I ought to ſay to the Princeſs concerning thoſe things that have happened to you. When you parted from *Amboiſe*, replied the Count, the Mareſchal was ſick, and was many days unſeen; but as he began to be ſo well as to walk about, the Queens

turn

turn was come to fall ill, which indiſpoſition would not permit her to ſtir out of her Chamber, nor to think upon any thing beſides her recovery. As for the Mareſchal, he had rather a little hazard his health, than leave me by his abſence the liberty of entertaining the King, and to act with my Friends for the advancement of my affairs, and for the ruine of his deſigns. One day as I went out of the Kings Cloſet, where I had left him in a very kind and favourable humour, *I* met with the Mareſchal in the Antichamber, who was receiving there the Complements of all the Court for the return of his health: and then after, they were diſcourſing of the preparations that were a making ready for the War of *Italy*. Some one was propoſing the difficulty of the Armies paſſage: to which the Ma eſchal bluntly anſwered, that he had provided for that. Your prudence, ſaid I to him, moſt judiciouſly provides for every thing that may any ways be oppoſing to my deſigns: but your Modeſty is extream, to rob you of the advantage which you ought to carry away from ſo glorious a Negotiation. I ſeek no other, replied the Mareſchal, but to ſerve my King:

King: That is the leaſt, ſaid I to him again, that appears to us: *It* is, anſwered he me, the only motive of all the actions of my life. Without examining your intention, ſaid *I* to him, I will ſtill commend you, when you ſhall labour with ſucceſs; but do it ſo then, as not to make me ſerve as a Victim for your Zeal; for ſetting the ſervice of the King aſide, I can eaſily make you diſtinguiſh my intereſts from yours. As *I* have none that are common to us, replied the Mareſchal to me, *I* know not what diſtinction I can put between them. Put one at leaſt between your ſelf and me, replied *I*, and ſeriouſly bethink your ſelf of the diſtance that parts us; for *I* tell you once, that when ever you would deſtroy me in the Kings favour, to eſtabliſh your ſelf therein, *I* ſhall bring ſuch an obſtacle to oppoſe it, as ſhall not be very eaſie for you to conquer. A valiant man that does his duty, meets with none that can put him out of his way, anſwer'd the Mareſchal. A valiant man, replied *I*, would not go in ſuch a one as you do. Ah! Sir, interrupted the Mareſchal, *I* have never any thing that can deſpoil me of that Title; and it is upon that only

which

which *I* value my ſelf to be equal with all thoſe whoſe Birth have given them a place above me. The reſpect *I* have to the place where *I* am, replied *I* to him, does hinder me from making you know, that there cannot be any equality between us, and *I* ſhould be aſhamed ——— The Marquiſs *de la Trimouille*, and ſome others of my Friends, made the Mareſchal retire; which he could not agree to, but with a great deal of difficulty. A little while after the King came out of his Cloſet to go to the Queen, where none followed him, by reaſon of her ſickneſs. *I* was immediately ſurrounded by all thoſe that were interreſſed in my concerns, to offer me their ſervices, for which *I* returned them my thanks. As the King was coming out from the Queens Chamber, the Mareſchal joyn'd with him, and laid open his cauſe ſo ſubtilly to him, that it was impoſſible to diſabuſe him, but that I was to blame, and it was in vain for any to undertake my Juſtification: All the grace that *I* received from the King in this occaſion was, that he did not command me to abſent from Court: but the Marquiſs *de la Trimouille*, *Montſaureau*, and ſome others of my Friends, counſelled me to

forbear

forbear coming thither for ſome time: They would have followed me in my retreat, if *I* had not judged it more neceſſary that they ſhould be near the King for the obtaining of my return, and preventing the Mareſchals further ingratiating himſelf in the Kings eſteem. *I* left to *Mounſieur de la Trimouille* the care of improving the Queens affection, and parted from *Amboiſe* very much incenſed at the Mareſchal; and, for *I* may ſay it, but ill apaid.

But the Marquiſs *de la Trimouille* made me underſtand, that what the Mareſchal did, being ſtrengthened upon arguments that were profitable for the State, *I* ſhould not have took that pretence to have quarrell'd with him; and that *I* had reaſon to be content in my diſgrace, with the reſpect the King had not to make it more unpleaſing. As ſoon as *I* arrived, my firſt care was to inform my ſelf by you of my Princeſs, and of the condition I was in with her. You were but in a very ill one there, anſwered *Maiſiere*, and *Madamoiſelle de Rieux*, and my ſelf, had a great difficulty to convince her of the errour ſhe had conceived. After that, the Count put a thouſand queſtions to *Maiſiere*,

*ſiere*, who told him all that he thought might any ways contribute to his repoſe. The good inclinations of Madam *d'Alenſon*, and the tender affections of the Princeſs her Daughter, did very much add to it. The night being already ſo far ſpent, as that the day began to appear, *Maiſiere* urged the Count to diſmiſs him: He being not in a convenient place to write, did commit to this faithful Agent all that his Love could inſpire him with, and deſir'd him to make uſe of all his inſinuations, to perſwade the Princeſs to grant him a private Audience. *Maiſiere* not preſuming to flatter himſelf with the accompliſhing ſo difficult an Enterprize, would not promiſe it to the Count, but aſſured him, that he would lay out the utmoſt of his abilities to procure it. He went away from the Prince with no ſmall diſturbance, for it was broad day-light, and though he was ſufficiently diſguiſed, he was extreamly afraid leſt he ſhould be diſcovered. He came back to *Alenſon*, with his heart up at his mouth all the way, through the fear that had poſſeſt him, when he met with an Encounter that put him into the greateſt plunge that ever he was in in his Life; and it was

within a mile and a half of the Town: He had already quitted his Horſe, and was diſpoſing himſelf to go the reſt of his way on foot, when at the turning of a way that led up to the Dukes houſe, he ſaw the Duke, with all his little Court and attendance, in chaſe for the Wild Boar, who were already got ſo near him, as that he could by no manner in the world eſcape being ſeen, and met with: Now it was that *Maiſiere* had need of all thoſe witty turns, that he knew ſo ingeniouſly how to make uſe of. He repoſed himſelf a little on his diſguize; but as it is an ordinary thing for Hunters to queſtion all Paſſengers, he fear'd, and that with reaſon, that he ſhould be asked ſomething; and being obliged to ſpeak, his voice would betray him. He had recourſe to a reſolution that was very ſingular; for it happen'd that part of the Company having taken a falſe track in the Wood, they were divided and broken; ſo that ſome of the Duke *d' Alenſon's* Retinue asked *Maiſiere*, if he had not met them. At the firſt Interrogation he anſwer'd nothing, no more than he did at the ſecond, only made a ſign that he was dumb, and ſo made I do not know how

how many ſuch extorted faces as thoſe do that are ſo, to expreſs the deſire that he had to ſpeak, which abundantly procured to him the charitable benevolences of the Duke. *Maiſiere* thought he was now delivered from that danger, when a little while after he met with the Dutcheſs, and the Princeſs, who came up to him as faſt as her Horſe could gallop, and demanded of him if he had not met with *Mounſieur* the Duke. He uſed the ſame ſtratagem to her as he had done to her Father, he feign'd himſelf dumb, and paſt for ſuch in the Opinion of all thoſe that ſaw him: At laſt he got to the Town, and to his Correſpondents houſe, that he had in it; he underſtood that the Duke had been in great Queſt for him, to follow him to the Chaſe of a Wild Boar of a prodigious bigneſs; that a vaſt number of people were gone along with him, and only he was wanting at the Divertiſement. He was told by this man what excuſe he was fain to make for him; I ſaid, replied he to him, that you found your ſelf very much out of order laſt night, and that I had kept you with me, and that you not having ſlept a wink all the night long, I was very loth to diſturb

you, being newly fallen into (as I thought) a ſound nap, not knowing how much prejudice I might do you by it, or how much good you might get, if it pleaſe God to give you a ſweet and continued repoſe. Immediately *Maiſiere* changed his apparel, and happily met with a horſe, and ſet forward with ſuch violence, that in a ſhort time he came to the place where they ſet their Toyls. The Duke accuſed him of ſluggiſhneſs, and *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* of being too neat and finnical, and there was ſcarce any body there that had not ſome ſuch quarrel with him, for being the laſt at a Divertiſement, to which almoſt all the World had run with precipitation. Maugre the falſe Prognoſticks of the Hunters, they took the Wild Boar, and returned to *Alenſon*: but the Princeſs could not get any diſcourſe from *Maiſiere*; ſhe only obſerved his eyes, the fear ſhe was in that by his not being found, when the Duke had made ſuch a ſearch for him, there ſhould come into the head of that ſuſpitious Prince ſome Idea of the truth; but when the time came of his converſing with her, he did ſo pathetically diſcover his fear to her, that *Madamoiſelle d' Alen-*

*ſon*

*ſon* thought ſhe had as much of it as ſhe had had: Tell me, ſaid ſhe to him, how you parted from hence, and in what place you met with *Monſieur le Count de Dunois*: As ſoon as I had left you, replied *Maiſiere*, I went into the Town to one of my Acquaintance, where I had habits of ſeveral faſhions; I took one of them, with which I might be eaſily taken for a Peaſant, I hid my hair after the beſt manner I could, and went all through the Town, and the Suburbs on foot, to a little Village which is not very far from it, where I found him who had brought me news of *Monſieur* the Count, and this Man waited me with a Horſe, on which I made all the haſt I could, to arrive at a place which was a great way diſtant from any Road, it being a ſolitary Retreat of a Gentlemans, where I imbraced *Monſieur* the Count, and where I learn'd of him what you now deſire to know. *Maiſiere* then up and told *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* all that which had happen'd to him in his Journey; he acquitted himſelf extraordinarily well in perſwading her of the Counts Paſſion, and ſhe was very much pleaſed with his Addreſs: But when he came to propoſe to her the Interview that

the Princeſo much deſired, it was not in his power to obtain it: What, *Maiſiere*, ſaid ſhe to him, would you ingage me to ſuffer anew what I have ſuffered ever ſince the unfortunate day (or rather night) of the falſe Rendezvous? Do not you deceive your ſelf there, *Madamoiſelle*, replied *Maiſiere*, we are not at *Amboiſe*; there are none here in conſpiracy to betray you, and there are none in the world but a Jealous Mareſchal *de Gié*, and a Revengeful Madam *de Cominge*: I own it, ſaid the Princeſs, but *Mounſieur le Duc d' Alenſon* is to be feared every where equally, he alone is more to be dreaded, than all the world together, and I am fully determined not to commit my ſelf to a ſecond misfortune, after I have had ſuch cruel affl ctions by the former; and *Maiſiere* could not obtain one from her, notwithſtanding he uſed all the Oratory he was capable of. He was in hopes to get her to it in time, and many days paſt, in which the Count, and *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*, writ to one another with all the paſſionate tenderneſs imaginable, and made it their ſtudy for to ſweeten the rigour of that abſence by a Commerce which they ſaw eſtabliſh'd betwixt them:

this

this was enough to free the Count from Deſperation, though it was too little to render him happy. *Maiſiere* was no better ſatisfied than he, and he ought to do ſomething more to fill up thoſe Intentions; for he deſired that the Prince ſhould have a particular converſation with the Princeſs by his procurement and Mediation; and this deſign, for ſome days together, took up his whole thoughts; but at laſt he found out this invention: One Evening he told the Princeſs, that he had ſeen at his Friends houſe a man that was admirable in the knowledge of things that ſhould hereafter come to paſs: He perſwaded her to conſult him, and aſſured her that ſhe would be very much ſatisfied with it. As the Duke and Dutcheſs were declared Enemies to this Science, and to thoſe that made Profeſſion of it, there was a great deal of conſideration to be taken how this Aſtrologer was to be ſeen, without having any notice taken of it: but *Rieux*, to whom *Maiſiere* had communicated the trick that he was reſolved to put upon the Princeſs, did find out a way for it, which was to have him ſent to the Womans houſe, who was Wife to the Captain of the Caſtle, an intimate

Crony of hers, and who beſides had a great Curioſity upon her to know, whether ſhe ſhould ſurvive her Husband who was very Jealous, and whom ſhe loved not for it (whether ſhe deſerved to have him ſo, I ſhall not concern my ſelf, becauſe it does not contribute to the making up of my ſtory) This Woman was of one of the beſt diſpoſitions in the world (a ſhrewd ſign that ſhe could the leſs withſtand the batteries that were made againſt her, as it is likely ſhe had ſome, becauſe ſhe was very well as to handſomneſs) and there was only wanting the Captains abſence to accompliſh their deſign, as to that part; but Heaven, which began to ſmile upon the deſigns of the Count, cauſed the Duke, who had a mind to go to *Argentan*, to ſee a ſtately houſe that he was building there, to carry with him the Captain of the Caſtle, being very notable and exquiſite in Architecture. *Moliere* acquainted the Count with it, and deſired him to come the next day, a little after the night was ſhut in, to his Friends, where he would wait him to inform him what perſonage he muſt repreſent: In the mean time he prepared the Captains Wife to receive the Aſtrologer into her houſe, and

and told his Friend what he judged was neceſſary, not to make him ſuſpect the truth of the matter, the Count arrived, and *Maiſtere* told him the ſtratagem he would uſe to procure him a converſation with the Princeſs: He took along with him a habit that was convenient enough for the perſon he was going to repreſent. What cannot Love do in a Breaſt that is ſtrongly poſſeſt with it! This Prince, whoſe Eminent Quality ſaw very few ſuperiour to him, and who by his Noble and generous Meen, had ſo much advantage over all men of his Age, the Prince, I ſay, whoſe Heroick Qualities raiſed him yet above all that his good Meen and Birth promiſed of him, this Prince quitted himſelf of his Eminence, to take upon him a Figure ſo diſtant, as it was inferiour to his own; in this condition he was received by the Wife of the Captain, with one Gentleman only, who went for one of his near Friends. This Dame was a great piece of a conceit of Province, and a little given to the vanity common to the moſt of her Sex, Goſſiping; ſhe had read all the Romances of her time, and could never ſpeak, but it muſt be upon ſome of the amorous or tragical ad-

ventures she had met with in them: She pretended to give the Count a full discovery of the delicateness of her Wit, and gave him a History of some of the Women in the Town, and from thence insensibly fell upon the discourse of the Stars, and their influences. *Maistere* gave her a signal that it was not time to discover her Curiosity, but she had not the talent to conceal it, and the Count found that he should be harrassed by her: For he was somewhat conscientious how he flattered the weakness of that poor Woman. *Maistere* had acquainted the Princess that the Astrologer was arrived, and she happened to come in very opportunely to interrupt the Captains Wife, who had already written down the day and hour of her Birth, to make him draw the Figure, and resolve those Questions that were as impertinent as he perceived her troublesom. There was very little light in the Chamber, and the Astrologer was put in a place that was most dark and obscure, that so *Madamoiselle d' Alenson* might come very near him before she could make any discovery who he was. *Maistere* foreseeing well the effect that this surprize would produce in the spirit of the Princess,

ceſs, had handſomely got the Captains Wife into a Gallery, to give the Princeſs greater liberty to entertain the Aſtrologer, and ſatisfied himſelf in leaving *de Rieux*, and the Gentleman, in that where the Prince and Princeſs were; the precaution of *Maiſiere* was not unprofitable, when ſhe knew the Aſtrologer, and was going in haſt to depart; but *de Rieux*, who coming near her, and pretending as great an aſtoniſhment as if ſhe had known nothing at all of the whole buſineſs, help'd the Princeſs a little out of the trouble that the ſight of the Count had put her in, and made her conſider, that coming ſo far, it would be a means to expoſe the Prince to a diſcovery in that place; to be gone with ſo much ſpeed. *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* fell out with *Maiſiere*, *de Rieux* ſtill ſtirr'd up her anger againſt him, eaſily perſwading him, that he would not find it a difficult matter to get into her favour again; and at laſt *de Rieux* being retired, through reſpect, near to a Window with the Gentleman, the Count began to ſpeak: 'Tis not *Maiſiere*, *Madamoiſelle*, that, ſaid he to her, upon whom your anger ought to fall, nor is it me whom you ought to accuſe for it,

for

for the fear of diſpleaſing you, ſhould have triumphed over the paſſion *I* had to receive the honour of ſeeing you; but *Madamoiſelle*, it is Love that has committed this Crime, and it is to that only that you ought to impute it. Let it be of You, of *Maiſtre*, or of Love, that *I* have reaſon to complain, replied *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*, it is certain, that this ſurprize gives me a very ſenſible diſpleaſure; *I* will not tell you, that I ſhould have been exceeding glad to have learned your Innocence from your ſelf, but when *I* only think of the peril to which you now expoſe your ſelf, that which ſhould have given me an extream ſatisfaction, is the ſole cauſe of an incredible affliction to me. Pray, *Madamoiſelle*, reckon not at all upon the danger in which you conjecture I am, replied the Prince, but give me leave to count you the villanous torment that your abſence has procured me, and the unjuſt ſuſpitions that you have had of my fidelity. I beg your pardon, ſaid the Princeſs, if I did take up with Appearances, and if I did condemn you, without giving you a hearing: but do not you refreſh my memory either with my fault, or with the occaſion that forced me to

commit

commit it, think only of the misfortunes that the imprudence I was guilty of in giving you an Assignation in the Park of *Amboise* has brought upon me. Think only, *Madamoiselle*, replied the Count, of of the joy that I at present do possess, of being able to consult you about my good or evil Fortune: 'Tis you only, continued he, who can acquaint me with it. as it is your self only that can make it. If your Fortune was in my disposition, answered the Princess, you should have reason to be pleased in the share that I would make you; but the intentions of *Monnsieur* the Duke *d'Alenson* and mine, are so repugnant, that there is no likelihood that the future should prepare us a more happy destiny than this, whereof we now complain. O! what will you have me then become, said the Prince, interrupting her, if I ought to pretend to nothing more favourable in the time to come, than I can now by that which is past. 'Tis your prudence you must consult, said the Princess, upon what you ought to do; but if you would know of me what I desire, I will tell you, it may be with too much freedom, that I would that you should love me always, and that it was as

easie

eaſie for us to gain the good will of the Duke my Father, as it was to obtain that of the Dutcheſs my Mother, to deſire our Alliance. But *Madamoiſelle*, replied the Count, do not deprive me at leaſt of the comfort to hope, if you will have me live. Hope, live, and love me, replied the Princeſs, and after this do not beg of me a longer Audience: It ought to have ended long before, or to ſay better, I ought not to have granted it you at all. Well, *Madamoiſelle*, ſaid the Count, I will not diminiſh any thing of the favour you have granted to me, in obliging you by conſtraint to repent of it. *I* am going to ſeparate my ſelf from you, but after you have ordained me to live, to hope, and to love you; will you tell me nothing of the part I ought to pretend to in your heart? As *I* am not unjuſt, replied the Princeſs, *I* do not exact your affection, without giving you in mine all the part that my duty will permit me to afford you there. The Count gave the Princeſs a thouſand thanks; and after that he had aſſured her of a Love and a Fidelity that was inviolable, and that he had obtained of her the pardon of *Maiſtere*, ſhe went away from him: but ſcarce had ſhe gone ſix

ſteps

ſteps towards her Apartment, but ſhe ſaw the Captain of the Caſtle return'd, having left the Duke behind at *Argenton*. This ſpeed, and this crittical time, did afford to *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* good ſtore of anxious thoughts, for the Captain went but that Morning, and to ſee him come back the ſame Evening, one had reaſon to doubt, that there had ſomething happened extraordinary to the Duke, or at leaſt that he had diſcovered ſomewhat of that which paſt at *Alenſon*: In this perplexity ſhe was at a ſtrange loſs how to carry it, for to ſuffer the Captain to come into the Chamber, there was no thought of, the Count being in it, and yet was there much leſs to intruſt him with this ſecret: But *Maiſiere*, who was ſtill admirable at a dead liſt, ſaid to the Princeſs; Without doubt, *Madamoiſelle*, you do not think but that the Dutcheſs will be in an extream impatience, when ſhe ſhall hear that *Mounſieur* the Captain is returned; Command him, if it ſo pleaſe you, to give you his hand, and lead you into the Chamber of *Madam* your Mother. *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* paſt with him along the ſame Gallery, through which ſhe came to the Captains houſe,

who

who made her very great Complements upon the Honour ſhe had done to his Wife: He did very rationally imagine, that there muſt be ſome cauſe more than ordinary, which had brought her to make this Viſit, but what it ſhould be, he could not Divine. Whilſt the Dutcheſs ask'd him the reaſon of his ſo quick return, *Moliere* cauſed the Aſtrologer to depart, without ever giving him leave to draw the poor Womans Horoſcope, nor ſo much as preciſely to reply to the great civilities ſhe made him: She deſired him not to take it ill, and being to tarry at *Alenſon*, ſhe could ſee him at a houſe there, where one of her ſpecial Friends lived: The Count departed, promiſing her not to loſe any opportunity of diſcourſing with her; he was got to the houſe where *Moliere*'s Acquaintance dwelt, from whence he departed the next night following, and *Moliere* came back in all haſte to the Caſtle to learn how matters were carried there: All was very quiet and huſh to all appearance, only *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*, who was not retrieved from the fear the Captains coming back had cauſed her. He alſo was a little ſollicitous and troubleſome to know what it

was

was that had obliged her to visit his Wife, but she could not tell what she had best to say: But *Maisiere* suspecting the perplexity she had upon her, took on him to help her out of it. He came into the Chamber just as the Inquisitive Husband was affirming peremptorily, that his Wife knew the reason why the Princess came thither: It belongs to me, said *Maisiere* to him, to instruct you in what you demand, for it is to me that you owe the honour which you have received: One, whom *I* knew very well, passing by this way, continued he, met me in the Town, I did think that *Madamoiselle d' Alenson* (for, as I should have said before, I knew this Acquaintance of mine was very skilful in the Art of Prediction) might not be displeased to learn of him something of her Fortune; I imagined also that your Wife would be glad to know whether you should have any Children, and what happiness should arrive to you from the Friendship that *Monsieur le Duc* bears you: But knowing that *Madam* the Dutchess does not approve of this curiosity, the Princess to satisfie hers made choice of your Chamber: I am mighty sorry, replied the Captain, that I did not see

this

this honeſt man: I am very much troubled at it too, replied *Maiſiere*; but he was not gone above an hour, at the outſide, before you came. Well, ſaid the Captain, and what has he ſaid of our Fortune? That ſhe ſhall be with-child, anſwered *Maiſiere*, and that you will be extraordinary rich by the Liberalities of a young Princeſs; and that you will have but one Son that ſhall ſucceed your good Fortune. This good man was very much ſatisfied to hear all theſe fine things; the next day the Princeſs gave *Maiſiere* a ſevere rattle for the trick he had plaid her the precedent day, and ſtrictly forbid him ever again to put ſuch another upon her. I deſire with all my heart, *Madamoiſelle*, ſaid he to her, not to find my ſelf in a condition to invent another ſtratagem, to make you ſee *Monnſieur le Count de Dunois*, and that Heaven would condemn you in a ſhort time, ſo that he might never quit you more. The Princeſs judg'd it very convenient, that *Maiſiere* ſhould go to *Argenton* to ſee the Duke her Father: He demanded permiſſion of the Dutcheſs, who was glad to ſee him in that mind; but he was prevented by the unexpected arrival of the Prince, who com-

commanded, as he was coming in, to get all things in a readineſs to go the next day to Court. He was accompanied by the Count *de Montſaureau*, whom the King had ſent to him, to tell him the poſture in which things then ſtood, and to haſten his Journey to *Amboiſe*. The Dutcheſs, and *Madamoiſelle d'Alenſon*, were extreamly ſurprized to ſee *Mounſieur d'Montſaureau* with the Duke: They were likewiſe overjoyed at it, for he was a perſon of a conſummated honeſty, and who had never been in the intereſts that were ſuſpected by them. *Mounſieur d'Alenſon* left him with them, and told *Madamoiſelle d'Alenſon* his Daughter, in paſſing by her, that ſhe ſhould return to *Amboiſe* with a better humour upon her, than that ſhe came with to *Alenſon*. As ſoon as he was gone, *Mounſieur Montſaureau*, not to let them languiſh any longer in their expectation of the joyful and welcome news that he brought to them, began his diſcourſe in this manner, addreſſing himſelf to the Dutcheſs: Your departure, Madam, was an equal ſurprizal and affliction to all the Court; but the true cauſe of it not being known, the moſt part ſought what ſhould be your Inducements of it,

without

without being able to Divine them, except a few persons who knew the secret. For my part I was not long ignorant of it, for the Queen did me the honour to declare it to me, and to tell me all she heard from the mouth of Madam *de Cominge*. The Count *de Montsaurreau* gave the Dutchess the particulars of it, and *Madamoiselle* heard it over again the second time, for *Maistre* had already given her account of it. After that, continued *Montsaureau*, the Mareschal fell extreamly ill, and Madam *de Cominge*, by the Commandment of the Queen, visited him daily. She perceived that the absence did most rigorously torment him; and that not being able any longer to support it, he was resolved to imploy all the Artifices imaginable to ruine the Count *de Dunois* in the Kings Esteem, and to make him be banished the Court; and after that, to order things so, that *Madamoiselle d'Arlenson* should be call'd back again to it. The Queen was not powerful enough to perswade the King, that Love and Policy was one and the same thing with the Mareschal; and the King was so possest with his affection for the good of the Nation, that she could never compass to

un-

undeceive him of it. He desired her that she would never more speak of it to him: The Mareschal being perfectly recovered of his sickness, the Count *de Dunois* met him in the Antichamber of the King, and gave him very smart reproaches before all the Court, and whereat the King was extraordinarily incens'd. The most sincere people of the Court did not forbear addressing themselves to him, and it was with a sensible regret, that his Friends saw him go from *Amboise*. By ill hap the Queen was then sick, and so not in a condition to act for the Count *de Dunois*; so that all our arguments were useless with the King. He had nevertheless this respect for the Count, to advise his Friends only to counsel him to retire for some time, not being willing to prescribe the place of his Exile. This departure did absolutely put a consternation into all hearts, and I never in my life saw the Court so melancholly. Besides, I perceived the King did but illy bear it, and that he many times call'd upon this Count, without thinking that he was at such a distance to answer him. We expected some happy Revolution which your Presence would give us, and which would call the Prince back,

back, when we heard that the *Milanois* had renewed the Treaty of Alliance with the Emperour and *Ferdinand*, and that they both joyned together to raiſe great Levies to oppoſe the paſſage of the King, upon the report that was noiſed about that he would return into *Italy*. The King had a great deal of difficulty to believe this news, but it was confirm'd from ſo many places, that at laſt he had no farther room to doubt of it. He ſpoke of it to the Mareſchal *de Gié*, and would have him reſponſible for the rupture of a Treaty, of the event of which he had ſo often charg'd himſelf. The Mareſchal juſtified himſelf, by a diſcourſe full of flouriſh and Eloquence: But when the King demanded of him preciſely what was the Conduct that he had made uſe of for this Negotiation, the Mareſchal blundered heavily, for he could ſay nothing to his Majeſty, which he thought would give him ſatisfaction. All that the Queen had told him then came freſh into his memory; but his natural clemency, and the affection he had for the Mareſchal, which was particular, made him yet for ſome time ſuſpend his juſt reſentment. Juſtifie your ſelf, ſaid the King to him, I would

adviſe

adviſe you, and I wiſh that you know how to do it: Let me be aſſured, that you did enter into Treaty with the Duke of *Milan*; what the Propoſitions were that you made to him, and the Reaſons wherefore the Propoſitions did not take effect, after that I ſhall be content; and if there be any fault in you, *I* ſhall not impute it to the defect of your Zeal for my ſervice, I had rather caſt it upon your Imprudence, than upon your Infidelity. The Mareſchal would fain have perſwaded the King, that what he had heard was an Impoſture, and not real. It may be at another time he might have done it, but his Loyalty began then a little too much to be ſuſpected, to ſuffer him to relye upon his word. Though the King did demand him, yet he made no poſitive anſwer. Being diſpleas'd then at his weak ſincerity, he commanded the Captain of his Guards to go and ſeize the Mareſchals Cabinet, and to bring it to him. I was in the Antichamber when it came by there, and I went immediately to the Queen, to whom this news was very pleaſant, judging, according to all appearances, that the King was entered into ſome ſuſpition of the fidelity of the Mareſchal, and that he

he did ſeek to be fully cleared upon it. She aſſur'd her ſelf of Madam *de Cominge* to tell the truth of all ſhe knew, when ſhe ſaw a convenient time for it. In the mean time, the King had no ſooner got the Cabinet into his poſſeſſion, but he cauſed it to be opened. He found there a Model that the Mareſchal had drawn up to prepare their minds for the breaking off the Treaty of *Milan*. After that, he met with the Copy of a Letter he had writ to *Sforza*, in which he had propoſed the Marriage of *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* with his Nephew; and let him know, that if he accepted of the Propoſition, the concluſion of it might be deferr'd for ſome years: He deſired him to quit the Party of the King of *Spain*, and to facilitate the paſſage of the Army; but ſo wretchedly, that it was eaſie to perceive that he had no deſire to obtain what he ſeemed to ſollicit for. There was yet another Paper faſtened to this, which was written in Characters, and where the King could underſtand nothing, no more than he could of many others of the ſame nature that fell into his hands. It was not poſſible for him to get out any farther explication from the Mareſchal, neither

ther would the King any more look into them; this ſuffices, ſaid he, to make me, know the Motives that made you act: retire into your apartment, from whence I forbid you to ſtir out but by my orders. And you, continued he, turning to the Captain of the Guard, take ſpecial care that you ſuffer no perſon to ſpeak with him. The King went alone into his Cloſet very much inraged againſt the Mareſchal: but the Queen did not give him a very long time to make his reflections upon the crime, or upon the Criminal. She made ſome pretence to go and to interrupt his ſolitude, and to ſpeak to him of ſomewhat elſe then of the Mareſchal; but the King was not in a humour to begin another diſcourſe. He made to her his complaints of the Mareſchal's perfidiouſneſs, he accuſed himſelf of having been prepoſſeſt on his behalf, and told her all that his reſentment could inſpire him with. For all this the Queen did very well obſerve that the King had ſtill ſome returns that inclined him to clemency, and that if they had taken but a moderate care to excuſe the Mareſchal, it would not poſſibly, have been a hard matter to get him eſtabliſhed again. But the Queen, who had

other ſentiments, acquainted the King with what *Madam de Cominge* had told her, and of which he was not overwilling to be informed; and not to leave him any room to doubt of the truth of what he had ſaid, ſhe ſhewed him the letters that made a full diſcovery of the Love he had for *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*, and of the fear that he was in that ſhe would marry the Count *de Dunois*. *Madam de Cominge* added, that he had always ſpoken to her of the Treaty of *Milan*, as of a thing which he ſaw but very little appearance of. The King laid hold of the letters ſhe ſhewed him; and as he was putting them up into the Mareſchal's Cabinet, the Queens Curioſity carried her to read other Papers that ſhe found there. In the firſt ſhe met with onely the confirmation of his fault; in others ſhe read ſome rough draughts of Letters that he had a mind to ſend to *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*; but the laſt which her hand chanced to light upon being ſealed, gave her a greater deſire to read them. It was the Key of the Characters of *Sforza*'s Letter, and that of the Mareſchals. She made uſe of it to explain both the one and the other. The Mareſchal did propoſe to him to accord the Articles of the Mar-

riage

riage of *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*, with the Duke of *Milan*, and to demand that ſhe might be with the Dutcheſs Mother to the Duke, to underſtand the manners of the Country, and to cheriſh the love between the Princeſs and him, upon thoſe conditions, he promiſed *Sforza* to deliver him up the troops that he commanded in his journey of *Italy*, and to enter with him into the party of the King his enemies. *Sforza*, who did argue with a more ſound judgement, then the Mareſchal, who only acted by the maxims of his love, and never conſulted his Loyalty: *Sforza*, I ſay, would not by ſuch a proceedure, put himſelf out of a condition ſometime or other to make his peace with the King, and prudently refuſed to make a particular league with a man, who without any reaſon quitted the Intereſts of the greateſt King in the World, and from whom he daily received aſſurance of kindneſſes: as alſo that having a deſign to ruin the Duke of *Milan*, and to poſſeſs himſelf of his Dukedome, the propoſitions of the Mareſchal were not at all to his purpoſe. I will not re-acquaint you, Madam, purſued *Mountſieur de Mountſanreau*, with what a ſtrange anger the King had upon him, and with

his reſentment of the Mareſchals Treaſon; it would be needleſs. The Queen pacified him, as much as was poſſible, with that ſweet diſpoſition and prudence that was ſo natural to her: but ſhe counſell'd him to thruſt from him that unworthy object of his wrath, and make him priſoner in the Caſtle of *Tours*, and to appoint him his Comiſſionaries, who ſhould by due proceſs of Law give him his puniſhment. Which advice immediately was put in execution. The Mareſchal his friends would fain have juſtified him; but the King impoſed ſilence upon them, and not one of them durſt ſpeak a word more in his favour. Then the King called to him the Marquis *de la Trimaville*, and very obligingly told him, that as it was by his counſel that the Count *de Dunois* was retired from the Court, ſo he would make uſe of him to fetch the Prince back again, and made him immediately go about it. He commanded me at the ſame time to come and tell you this news, to diſpoſe Mounſieur and you, Madam, to the conſent to the Marriage of the Prince and Princeſs. Madam the Dutcheſs was ſo much overjoyed to hear of this happy change, that ſhe could ſcarce expreſs her ſelf. It is eaſie to imagine that *Madamoi-*

*ſelle*

*ſelle d' Alenſon* felt ſomewhat more ſenſible and touching; but her modeſty being yet greater then her joy, ſhe did ſo handſomely keep it to her ſelf, that ſhe did not make it appear ſo much as it might have been permitted her without any breach of vertue or civility. *Maiſiere* could ſcarce refrain from going to find out the Count *de Dunois*, either to be the firſt ſhould tell him the news, or to bear a part with him in the joy, if he knew it before he came; but *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* did not judge it convenient. In the mean time, the Marquis *de la Trimoville*, who went with all the poſſible ſpeed he could, arrived at the Count's, where he could hear nothing of him, nor could he learn by any of the Servants of the houſe what way he had taken. He ſpent ſome hours in the pains he took of thinking on which hand he had beſt go that was moſt likely to meet with him; but the coming back of the Prince delivered him from that trouble. The Joy that he had to ſee *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon*, and that he had yet the power of embracing a friend, who was ſo zealous and faithful in his ſervice, made him ſet upon the Marquis with a Countenance that diſcovered all the pleaſing tranſport imaginable: and

the Marquis was reſolved to overwhelm him with ſatisfaction in telling him what Heaven and Fortune had done for him, and what they had both done againſt the Mareſchal. He gave himſelf wholy to the Joy of knowing that all things did prepare for him the poſſeſſion of the Princeſs, and that he was going to reaſſume that place in the Kings favour, that he had formerly been happy in. His generoſity notwithſtanding ſtirred up in his heart a compaſſion for the diſgrace of the Mareſchal. He might poſſibly have been glad to put him in a condition to make him repent of his crime; but he did not demand ſo compleat a vengeance. Pity nevertheleſs gave place to the hope he had of enjoying a ſole happineſs which he had ſo long aſpired to. The Sun was ſcarce riſen, when the Count awaked the Marquis *de la Trimoville*, and and they both parted for *Amboiſe*. The Counts thoughts were onely to make all poſſible diligence to come to the King, who received him with very great and ſenſible teſtimonies of Joy and affection. He made him know at laſt in what a manner he was offended at the perfidiouſneſs of the Mareſchal. To which Mounſieur the Count did not anſwer like an enemy

of

of the *Mareſchals*, and if he did not take that care to juſtifie him, he did not make uſe of that occaſion to compleat his ruin. After a pretty long converſation, in which he told the Count of the war he was going to undertake, of the affairs of the *State*, and of his moſt private intereſts; He fell upon the Marriage of the Prince with *Madamoiſelle d'Alenſon*: I will, ſaid the King to him repair the afflictions I have made you indure by the obſtacles that I have brought to your happineſs, and begin the chaſtiſement of the Mareſchal *de Gie* by the end of your ſufferings, and by a ſtab in the moſt ſenſible part of his heart: I will yet, continued the *King*, have you come with me to ſalute the Queen. To conclude, he preſented the Count to her to whom ſhe gave great aſſurances of her good inclination, The King moreover would, to oblige the Count *de Dunois*, go the next day a hunting that way by which the Duke *d'Alenſon* muſt come, to the end that I may be an eye witneſs of the Joy and contentment you will have of ſeeing your Princeſs again. The beginning of this day had very favourable preſages for the Count. It was a wonderful fair time, and the chaſe very ſucceſsful: and yet for all that it gave him

him a great torment; for the day was almoſt turned to night, when he perceived the Coaches of the Duke of *Alenſon*. He came out of it, through reſpect, as far as he could ever ſee the King coming, who received him with a thouſand demonſtrations of kindneſs and affection. There are none but thoſe who have already proved the rigours of abſence that can perfectly expreſs the Joy of this return. The Count *de Dunois* and *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* made a moſt agreeable experience of it at this meeting; and if they had not at firſt the liberty to expreſs themſelves of it one to the other, the delight and the ſatisfaction of it was more ſenſible in their hearts. As the departure of theſe illuſtrious perſons had infinitely afflicted all the Court, their preſence did bring back to them all the Joy and the pleaſure they had formerly took in it. The Queen had not as yet made ſo much of it appear, as ſhe teſtified unto *Madamoiſelle d' Alenſon* for her return, and the likelihood which ſhe ſaw for the Marriage of the Princeſs and the Count *de Dunois*. The ſame day the King ſpoke of it unto the Duke *d' Alenſon*, who received the propoſition as very advantagious, and returned the Compliment of the

the Count with a great deal of civilty and kindneſs that was very obliging. After the Ceremonies that were obſerved by the perſons of this Quality, the Duke *de Alenſon* ſpoke gallantly to the Count *de Dunois*, and begg'd his pardon that he had been ſometime ſo oppoſite to his deſire, but the diligence that he would make to ſatisfie them ſhould repair the fault that he was not alone guilty of. In ſhort he gave commands to his daughter that ſhe ſhould no further ſtifle the inclinations that he knew ſhe had for the Count *de Dunois*, ſince that within a few days time ſhe ſhould be in a condition not to refuſe him any teſtimony of it. She bluſhed through modeſty, but yet this Order, although it was ſufficiently abſolute, had in it all the ſweetneſs in the World for her; and filled the heart of the Count *de Dunois* with a pleaſure ſo raviſhing that it is unexpreſſable. The liberty he had then to make an open declaration of it, diminiſhed nothing of the delicacy with which he reſented it. *Maiſtere* ſeemed yet to be more overjoyed than the Prince and the Princeſs, for whom all happineſs and good fortune was preparing, He was ſo liberally recompenſed on both ſides, that it was almoſt impoſſible for

for him to desire any more of fortune. But the King, not being willing to mingle any thing of heavineſs with the publick Joy, inſtantly gave orders that they ſhould ſuſpend the Judgment of the Mareſchal *de Gié*, who was kept up a long time in priſon, as the Hiſtory does credibly inform us. As for the Marquis *de la Trimoville*, he on his part made his Joy glorious and ſplendid, by thoſe various divertiſements of his, that were as nobly invented, as they were executed and performed with magnificence: but yet thoſe pleaſures, how great and weighty ſoever, ought to be accompted as nothing in compariſon with them, which the Count *de Dunois*, and *Madamoiſel le'd Alénſon* compleatly taſted in the happy accompliſhment of their paſſionate deſires, which had been all along as lawful as they were vertuous.

20 IV 66

FINIS.